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THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

BY CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER X.

MINYWA was neither a large nor a conspicuous village. On a dark night, after lights were out, you might, if you came from Tatkin and the west, have walked through poor little Minywa without knowing it. Dense bamboo jungle pressed close in upon it on the sunset side as well as on the north and south; you stepped at one breath from the jungle-path eastward into the village-street, and there was nothing to mark where the one ended and the other began. The growth on either hand fell back a little, it is true, just before the turn that landed you in front of the first of the mat-hovels; but that was only what was to be expected, for there was a steady downward trend in the path, and it was evident that the end of the long ridge had come, and that there was a slope to the river on which it was natural that there should be patches of clearer ground. The village boasted of no stockade; nothing divided the road from the habitations on each side. A few hundred steps carried you past the ten or twelve low thatched huts, which seemed anxious to shrink away from observation, into the protecting shelter of the feathery green; and going eastward, if it were dusk and you were not on the look-out, you were half down the slope before you realised that it was not a mere clearing you had come through, and that there was nothing now save a narrow belt of open ground between you and the next interminable wilderness of bamboo-stems. Down the slope the bamboo-clumps stood thinner; then came the stretch of level rice-land,—the sole reason for the hamlet's existence—and then the river under the trees at the further side, with jungle beyond and ever more jungle along the crests, as far as the eye could reach. There was not another village, that way, for thirty miles.

The stream was, for Burmah, a very insignificant little trickle. At Minywa the channel was narrow, some twenty yards across: the banks, though low, were steep and the trees nearly met overhead; but even in the rains the water at the ford was never more than waist-deep. On the day early in January with which we are for the moment concerned, it was a good deal lower; in fact in the deepest part it did not reach the knees of a Burman who was splashing leisurely across it from the east towards the village. The forenoon was well advanced, and though the morning had been cold, the sun was by this time high and hot, and the cool water lapped so refreshingly round the walker's dusty shins that he did not

hurry across. He was a long, lean individual with sheepish, good-natured eyes and a large mouth, its proportions accentuated rather than hidden by a scanty black moustache. He had neither jacket nor head-covering, his glossy hair being carelessly knotted at the crown; over his shoulder hung a red Shan tasselled bag and a coarse blue and white cloth, that earlier in the morning he had worn wrapped round the upper part of his body, while his waist was encircled by a width of material of almost the same pattern; this he had tucked up as high as possible before entering the stream, though the precaution was almost unnecessary, for the ripples did not reach anywhere near the lowest flourish of the blue tattooed pattern that extended downward from his waist to his knees. He gave a grunt and a final kick with each foot in the limpid flow as he reached the further side, then, tucking his knife into his waistcloth behind, so as to leave his hands free, he scrambled up the bank and emerged upon the paddy-plain.

There was more to be seen of Minywa from the east than from the west. The flattened, cowering thatch-roofs seemed, from here, as from above, fearful of obtruding themselves on the gaze; but, standing on the rice-fields, one could see something that was not visible from the jungle-path,—a line of plantain-tufts stretching away to the right of the village, with the pagoda and monastery (*kyaung*) posted at its further extremity. There was no overlooking the monastery, the pride and glory of Minywa, that towered with its quaint sharp gables and carved projections over the bamboo-clumps. It had been built many years before, when Minywa was much larger than it is now, by an old resident, a conscientious timber-contractor, who, on retiring from business, had made the pious resolve that the particular act of merit, which was to ensure him after death a creditable transmigration, should be outwardly as imposing as the transactions by which he had amassed his wealth were shady, and, in pursuance of that resolve, had raised a pile that was for long the talk of the country-side. Kyaung-taga Tun Waing had died several years ago, in the earnest expectation of starting a fresh existence, if not as a monk, at any rate (and the alternative would perhaps, on the whole, be more satisfactory) as a successful owner of saw-mills with a large connection. His own residence, built half way between the village and the monastery, had fallen to pieces: his children had migrated elsewhere; and there was nothing left now to testify to his unique knowledge of all matters connected with timber but the old *kyaung* itself, which still stood erect on its mighty teak-wood posts and had a wonderful capacity for subsisting, and indeed thriving, on a minimum of repairs. The toothless old gentleman who had been installed, as presiding monk, when the monastery was built had long since, like his patron, gone the way of all flesh, and U Ananda reigned in his stead. Now U Ananda was a *gaingdauk*, or archdeacon of the Burmese Buddhist church, subordinate in spiritual matters to no one but the *thathanabaing*, or archbishop, and to his own *gaing-ôk*, or bishop, neither of whom exercised any control to speak of over him. He was fairly shrewd, moderately respected, and very much feared; so that, all things considered, he was somewhat of a power in the land, for though he had been a steady opponent of British rule on

its first introduction, and had acquired a name for his devotion to the old cause, he had since then had the good sense to learn, earlier than some, that kicking against the pricks was not the most profitable or healthful form of exercise, and had at times even been of assistance to the authorities. So skilfully indeed had he played his cards hitherto, that, while secretly known to the people of the Chindwin as inclined to sympathise with the disaffected, he had given the Government no shadow of an excuse for turning him out of his monastery; and if the truth is to be told, he figured in the Deputy-Commissioner's reports as "an ex-firebrand who has been gradually won over by British tolerance to a right way of thinking."

But U Ananda had not yet been so fully won over as Smart and his predecessors imagined; and nothing could have shown this more clearly than the fact that our long Burman friend, after crossing the belt of rice-land, where the yellow paddy-stubble bristled on the hard baked clay, instead of making straight for the village, branched off up a path to the right and bent his steps to where the topmost spire of the monastery rose above the plantains. So far he had met no one since fording the stream, save a pair of village maidens laden with red earthenware pots who were strolling, one behind the other, down to the river to draw water and bathe, and these he had passed with the briefest of salutations. The couple had eyed him askance as he approached, edging to the further side of the path, as though uncertain what to make of him; but his answer to their question,—"Where are you going to, Shwe Myaing?"—though curt, was friendly, and they passed on and were soon talking and tittering (not, it must be confessed, very musically) behind him. Shwe Myaing knew pretty well what they were chattering about, and the knowledge that he had of late become an object of such interest to his fellow-villagers was by no means displeasing to his vanity. He also knew why it was that a small brown boy with big eyes and a shaven poll, whom he caught up on his way to the monastery, gave a sudden exclamation of terror and showed a disposition to drop his lacquer-work bowl and bolt into the jungle when he saw who it was that was standing by him. It needed but a laugh and a word or two, however, to completely reassure the urchin, and he was presently pattering along in the tall man's wake and answering his questions in a voice that quavered, but from lack of breath and not from fear; for, after all, little Po Lu was ten, and old enough by this time to know that there was really no reason why he should be frightened of his uncle Shwe Myaing, even though the latter had of late contracted the habit of living out in the jungle with doubtful characters and seemed always to be connected in people's minds with that alarming personage Bo Chet. Through the plaintain-grove they wended their way together, and before Shwe Myaing had had time to hear half the latest village-gossip an opening in a rough bamboo-fence brought uncle and nephew out on to a cleared square of dry levelled earth which formed the enclosure of the monastery. To their right, at one corner of the fenced quadrangle, was a pagoda, built of brick, plastered and rigorously whitewashed: the sides of the enclosure were lined with crazy wooden *zayats*, or rest-houses, and in front of them the teak-wood piles and walls of the monastery stood out dark against a background of sunlit foliage. A monastic stillness reigned over the precincts, till a sleek black pariah dog,

roused by the near footsteps, uncurled itself from a dusty siesta by the entrance to bark at the new comer. Immediately, as though by magic, the quarter rang with the sound of hoarse canine voices; but a clod of earth, deftly hurled by Po Lu, silenced the inhospitable cur; the din subsided as quickly as it had arisen, and the man and boy crossed the open space before the monastery unchallenged.

There were yellow clad forms stationary, or in sedate motion, on the open railless verandah of the main building, and underneath, amid the forest of rounded piles, a crowd of small shorn boys, each one ridiculously like his neighbour, was squatted, engaged in a perfunctory washing of plates and bowls. Po Lu made straight for his companions, who stared curiously but without fear at the visitor; but Shwe Myaing, being by no means anxious to attract attention, did not follow the boy to the monastery, but glided away to one of the rest-houses, where a few minutes later he might have been seen, seated in a remote shady corner, demolishing with ravenous appetite a huge pile of sticky rice that his nephew had placed before him on a portion of plantain-leaf. Coming as an emissary from Bo Chet's camp, he had the best of reasons for not wishing to court publicity, even in his native village; yet it would have surprised and amused a spectator to note how swiftly the tidings of his coming were diffused through the building, and how careful all were to conceal, and at the same time satisfy, their curiosity with regard to him and to avoid giving any indication of knowledge that might hereafter be considered compromising. An old lady, who had brought an offering to the monastery and was returning to the village, shuffled past the rest-house with many a sidelong glance in, for she had overheard a fragment of what Po Lu was saying to his companions; and a couple of young priests clambered down from the platform to the ground, ostensibly to look after the boys below, but really to obtain a stealthy glimpse of the *dacoit* as he bent over his food. Shwe Myaing, however, paid but indifferent heed to his observers. He was enjoying his first full meal for a fortnight, and so long as his hunger was appeased and no actual harm came to him (and of actual harm there was very little danger) he did not much care what people thought; so he looked away with a suppressed grin and crammed his mouth afresh with the glutinous lumps of grain. But he turned when a few minutes later a well-known husky voice called him by name, and saw standing opposite him in the sunshine the man he wanted to see, a short stout elderly Burman monk, swathed in the orthodox yellow robes of the Buddhist priesthood which left his right arm and shoulder bare.

"Your Reverence!" he exclaimed, rapidly changing his negligent attitude for the more decorous posture that a layman was expected to assume when addressing an ecclesiastic of the Buddhist church.

U Ananda chewed in silence at his mouthful of betel and looked severely into the upturned eyes of the Burman. The archdeacon was certainly not outwardly prepossessing, for his face was coarse and thick-lipped and his large ears stood out bat-like at each side of his close-cropped head. "So you have come, Shwe Myaing," he said after a pause.

"I have come, your Reverence," Shwe Myaing made answer, waiting for a lead and wondering what his Reverence would say to his presence there. It was a matter of no little importance to him, for he knew well that the village would take their cue

from the monastery, and that his reception at Minywa would be friendly or the reverse as the priest dictated.

"And you have come from,—from the east?" pursued U Ananda. The words conveyed a statement of fact, not a question, though the interrogative particle was used.

"From the east," said Shwe Myaing submissively. This was as good and safe an expression as any he could think of for the locality from which he had come.

"And what have you come here for,—to buy rice?"

"To buy rice," came like an echo from Shwe Myaing's lips.

The priest nodded a solemn approval, and Shwe Myaing's face brightened. To a European the words would have sounded perfectly innocent, but as a matter of fact the whole conversation was nothing more or less than a pleasing little farce, into the spirit of which the audience fully entered. The crowd of wide-eyed schoolboys and gaping deacons, whom the dialogue had attracted to the spot, knew well whence Shwe Myaing had come and what his business was in Minywa; but they also knew, as well as the two speakers themselves, how necessary it was to keep up appearances.

"When do you return?" the archdeacon went on.

"To-day, at sunset," answered Shwe Myaing; "if I can get rice," he added, as an after-thought.

"How much rice do you want?"

"Two baskets, your Reverence."

"I cannot say whether you will get so much. The harvest has not been plentiful; but you can try, can you not?"

"I can try, your Reverence."

"Good. Is all well in the east?"

"All is not well, your Reverence," said Shwe Myaing. "The crops are not good and there is much sickness, but with food things will be better. We only look to your Eminence for succour. The *saya-gyi*——"[1] Here he broke off on a look from the priest, which showed him that his last two words were superfluous, but after a pause during which U Ananda munched grimly he repeated in plaintive tones, "With food things will be better."

"Well, you may see what you can get here; but, remember, not more than two baskets," and the priest, turning on his heel as a sign that the interview was at an end, clambered into the monastery with as much dignity as was compatible with his squat figure and the cramped position he was forced to assume to scale the primitive ladder-like staircase. The throng of inquisitive youths and boys hung for a time open-mouthed round the rest-house, and then, realising that there was nothing more to be seen or heard, dispersed by twos or threes to sleep or smoke the hot hours away, while Shwe Myaing, left to himself, settled with a sigh of satisfaction into a dark corner to try conclusions with a prodigious cheroot. Before many puffs he was fast asleep, breathing as evenly as any child, his head pillowed on his cloth, a shamefaced grin still lurking in the corners of his big mouth.

A drowsy silence seemed to permeate the atmosphere. In half an hour it seemed as though all the human occupants of the monastery had followed the example of Bo Chet's emissary. Only the beasts were awake. Before long one of the vagrant dogs, that hung like shabby unclean spirits about the enclosure, approached and began surreptitiously to devour the scanty remains of Shwe Myaing's meal, the few gummy mouthfuls of rice he had been unable to devour before

[1] *Saya* or *Saya-gyi* is used by a Burman in speaking of, or to, any one of superior rank or position; it is equivalent to *huzoor* in Hindustanee, *your Honour* or *his Honour*.

sleep overtook him. The scavenger was not, however, left long in undisturbed possession of his spoil; his movements had not escaped the observation of a godless brace of bright-eyed crows, black with a physical and moral blackness, but comely withal after the comeliness of their kind, who before long were bobbing backwards and forwards in his vicinity, taking it in turn to entice him from his meal. Their fiendish skill proclaimed them inveterate in crime. No sooner had the unfortunate cur made a dash for one of his obscene sidling tormentors, than the other hopped in jeeringly from the flank and abstracted a white morsel or two, and every time he leaped angrily out to annihilate the second robber, he had to return baffled, to find that the first had in its turn secured a beakful of food. These tactics were kept up till the rice was finished and the victim hoarse with fruitless snarling; and not till then did the diabolical birds leave him, and flutter, shouting in noisy triumph, to the nearest jack-tree, there to compare notes and indulge in mutual invective. But Shwe Myaing heard nothing of the flapping and the growls at his side; he was in a state of absolute exhaustion, in which he would have slept through the most riotous farce and been unmoved by the noisiest orchestra. Later on in the afternoon, however, when the sun was dipping towards the western line of jungle, he awoke with a start, stretched himself, yawned and, casting a hasty look around him, picked up his knife and cloth and slunk off in the direction of the village.

It was dusk when he returned to the monastery, followed by a sturdy villager who carried, slung at each end of a bamboo-pole, a basket full of husked rice. There was a broader grin than usual on the robber's face as he halted within the enclosure. Thanks to his interview with the priest earlier in the day he had found it easy enough to fulfil his delicate mission. How he had secured his two baskets full of rice it is needless to describe here in detail; but, as Bo Chet was not in the habit, when he sent into a village for supplies, of providing his messenger with cash, it may be inferred that, in saying that he had come to buy rice, Shwe Myaing had been indulging in one of the graceful euphemisms to which the Burmese are, as a race, addicted. The main thing was that the rice was forthcoming, and that he had transacted his business without friction and expeditiously. The coolie, who had been pressed temporarily into the great outlaw's employ, was on the other hand less satisfied with himself and his day's work. He knew that the offence of assisting to supply *dacoits* with food was one that was not passed over lightly by the authorities, and he had an uncomfortable premonition of possible collisions with patrols in the jungle. Wherefore he grumbled a little while his principal was absent, bidding a formal farewell to the archdeacon; yet he was too much of a Burman not to join heartily in the laugh that went up when one of the bolder wits at the monastery comforted him, in the hearing of one or two choice spirits, with the assurance that, when Bo Chet came into his kingdom, he would surely make him Governor of the Chindwin Provinces as a reward for trusty services rendered, and then proceeded to prostrate himself before the prospective ruler.

Shwe Myaing did not hear this sally, or he would have giggled as loudly as any of the others. He was at the moment squatting humbly before U Ananda in a small inner chamber of the monastery. The room was dark, except for the light of a small smoky oil-lamp which cast

a feeble glow on the priest's fat sensuous face. The rough plank floor was covered with two or three gaudy European rugs, and the walls and posts were dotted with a selection of pictures from English illustrated journals. The two were alone, and the fact was sufficient to account for the greater freedom of their speech.

"I have got the rice, your Reverence," said Shwe Myaing, pressing his joined palms against the floor, "and I am now going back,—to the east."

"It is well," replied the priest. "Tell me now, Shwe Myaing, how goes it with the *saya?*"

"The *saya* has recovered from his fever, and can eat, when there is rice; but Shwe Lan is ill again. The wound he got at Thayetbin has reopened and he suffers great pain. Nothing does the sore place good but the yellow powder the *saya-gyi* once got from the Government dispensary at Tatkin; but that is all finished now."

"Does the *saya-gyi's* skill avail nothing to give his followers relief?"

"He has applied leaves to the wound, but it will not heal. He goes to-morrow to Thonzè to get more drugs from Maung Waik."

"Thonzè," said U Ananda, "let him take care how he goes to Thonzè. I have heard that the Deputy-Commissioner himself goes there soon to settle who is to be headman of the village. It would not do for the *saya-gyi* and the *aye-baing*[1] to meet, would it? You know the rewards that have been offered."

"I know them," said Shwe Myaing, a sullen look creeping over his face, but the priest went on with unction. "For Nga Chet one thousand rupees, for Nga Le and Nga Cho five hundred each, for Shwe Lan two hundred and fifty, and for Shwe Myaing,—I have forgotten,—how much for Shwe Myaing?"

"One hundred," said the individual in question, rather sulkily. It was degrading enough to know that this absurdly low price had been put upon his head and to have the figure cast constantly in his teeth by his more expensive companions; the humiliation was twofold when the sneer came from a mere monk, a man who had never carried his life in his hand, had never even missed a meal in freedom's cause. If it had not been for the stupid affair with the old woman at Thayetbin, he would not have hesitated a moment to turn Queen's evidence; but that little episode had, he knew well, cut him off from all hope of mercy at the hands of a pig-headed Government that never would realise how apt young bloods are to be carried away with boyish excitement, and how marvellously the occupation of prodding obstinate ladies with a spear grows upon one. As it was, he could not help thinking that it would perhaps be the wisest thing to silence his colleagues' scoffs for good and all by some exploit that would enhance his value in the Government's eyes. In for a penny, in for a pound; the old woman was certainly not worth hanging for, and hanged he certainly would be if he were caught. Now if he could only account for some valuable Government official, say the Deputy-Commissioner, or,—but the priest's voice broke in upon his meditations.

"One thousand, five hundred, two hundred and fifty, one hundred," repeated U Ananda. "Don't let the rewards be forgotten, and remember that even in Minywa there may be those who would like to earn them. See that there is no further demand

[1] An official of high-rank answering to our Deputy-Commissioner.

for rice before the rains. Who goes with you to carry the rice to the *saya-gyi?*"

"Ko Meik Gyi goes with your servant. He waits down below. All is ready."

"Go quickly then, and tell the *saya-gyi* that the bearer of the rice is not to be let or hindered in returning. It will not be wise to anger the only village that supports the jungle-dwellers, will it?"

"No, your Reverence, it will not," said Shwe Myaing; and then with a parting obeisance he retired as quickly as possible from the awe-inspiring presence of the archdeacon.

The path down to the river branched off from the track leading from the monastery to the village, at a point about a hundred yards from the enclosure. For these hundred yards, therefore, Shwe Myaing's road lay along the path to the village, and thus it was that a minute or two after his start he had an opportunity, himself unseen, of watching a cavalcade that was coming from the hamlet to the monastery, and of thanking his stars that he had left not later than he did. He had sent Ko Meik Gyi with the baskets of rice on ahead, while he stopped behind to get a handful of cheroots from one of the idlers at the monastery; he was hurrying along to catch his man up and had come near the branching of the roads, when he suddenly became aware of approaching horses, and had only just time to dodge into the brushwood to avoid being seen by a rider who was making at a rapid trot from the direction of the village for the monastery. It was a European; the lines of his helmet stood out clear, and by the glint of a steel scabbard in the moonlight the robber, as he crouched in the jungle, judged that it was a policeman. There were sounds of more horsemen behind, and before he emerged, trembling in every limb, Shwe Myaing had seen half-a-dozen mounted Burman police pass spectre-like after their leader towards the monastery. Immediately the last of the riders had passed and he was satisfied that the coast was clear, the outlaw slipped out on to the path and sped down the turning to the river with a conviction that, whatever he might do later, the present was not a suitable opportunity for getting the reward for his own capture raised. The coolie was just visible on the rice-fields in front of him, a dark figure staggering under his load through the dim moonlight, and a few seconds sufficed to catch him up and hurry him, mildly protesting, across the stream into the jungle on the further side. Then, and not till then, did Shwe Myaing stop to ponder on the narrowness of his escape, and to congratulate himself on all things having turned out as they had.

There could be no doubt who the police were after; even one hundred rupees were apparently worth a little exertion. They had got some definite information, it was clear. Some one must have gone into Tatkin to tell of his arrival that morning in Minywa. Who that some one could have been he could not for the moment even hazard a guess; he could only conjecture that it was some evilly-disposed person in the village itself, or more probably some stranger who knew him by sight and was not afraid of angering the archdeacon. If this were the case, there had been no time lost either by the informer or the police, for it was a good ten miles from Minywa to the District head-quarters. Truly there was something alarming in the energy of these white folk; the Thonzè sergeant would certainly not have come so quick, though he was a good deal nearer Minywa. However, all was well that ended well. He knew that the police would not

get much out of the villagers of Minywa, nearly all of whom had friends or relations who either still were or had been in Bo Chet's gang, and that he himself was in no immediate danger of being pursued; and he reflected that, even if he was followed, he had by this time got a good start and ought to have no difficulty in shaking his pursuers off. So he called a halt for a moment in a moonlit space to light cheroots, one for himself and one for Ko Meik Gyi, whom he had, for good reasons of his own, not told of his adventure; and presently the pair were jogging along, talking cheerily, through the lights and shades of the jungle towards the robbers' camp.

CHAPTER XI.

The Smarts' visit to the pagoda was not to be one of recreation only. The Deputy-Commissioner and his friends had no intention of foregoing, if it could be helped, travelling-allowance, that most useful supplement to the hard-worked official's salary; and therefore in good time it was discovered that Heriot had a plantation in the vicinity of Thonzè to visit, that Smart was expected to ascertain the validity of the claim of two applicants for the appointment of *thugyi*, or headman, of that village, and that it was Waring's bounden duty to write a report on the pagoda, which would entail a personal inspection of the building. As Treasury-Officer the last-named had been finding since his arrival in Tatkin that it was his lot to perform many of the multifarious odd jobs that are in Upper Burmah, as elsewhere in India, daily thrust upon the ill-starred District-Officer; and so useful had our young friend proved himself that when, a day or two before the expedition, Smart received from Government a request for the submission, before February 28th, of a list of objects of historical and antiquarian interest in his district, a short report on such of the pagodas enumerated in the list as were thought sufficiently important to be administered by trusts, and detailed proposals for the creation of such trusts, he unhesitatingly transferred the papers to the Treasury-Officer "for favour of early report," adding in his own hand below the official endorsement, "T.-O. might make a beginning by taking up the Thonzè pagoda, one of the most important in the District, on Monday next. The Civil Surgeon will be placed temporarily in charge of the Treasury." The report was duly commenced by Waring on the afternoon of the arrival at Thonzè, after he had viewed and jotted down the architectural details of the structure and had questioned the residents of the village on its history and on the trust-scheme; but, for reasons which have still to be narrated, it was never brought by him to completion. Still it was progressing merrily enough that first afternoon, and so engrossed was Waring in his task of compilation that when, at about three o'clock, he still showed no signs of flagging, he was brought by Ethel Smart to book for his unsociability, and asked what it was that was engaging his attention to the exclusion of all earthly matters.

They had left Tatkin behind them in the mist that morning about seven o'clock, and a two hours' ride, first along winding sandy lanes hedged about with cactus, then over gentle ridges of bamboo and tree jungle, had brought them to where the village of Thonzè straggled along the shelving bank of one of the tributaries of the Chindwin up to the eminence tipped with the whitewashed brickwork of the pagoda. The rest-house, where the party was lodged, commanded a

full view of the slope, of the grey line of masonry steps winding up the brown hill-side, and of the pyramidical pile on the summit standing out in snowy relief against the misty blue billows of the mountain-chain behind. Waring had but to raise his eyes from the table before him to behold the subject of his treatise embodied in the shimmering middle distance, while that white vision on the hill-top was in itself an inspiration; and his pen had been scratching uninterruptedly over the foolscap for over twenty minutes when Ethel's reproachful voice roused him to himself.

They were sitting in the shade underneath the rest-house,—one of the ordinary inartistic type, lifted heavenward on high teak-wood piles, with a verandah in front, two bedrooms behind, a shingled roof above, and room for half a dozen ponies, if need be, below. They had breakfasted in the front verandah, and after the meal Ethel, Waring, and Heriot had descended to the cool lower regions, where they sat, surrounded by saddles, gram-bags, and implements of sport, Waring at a rough wooden table brought for him from the police-station, Ethel and Heriot in easy chairs within talking distance, the latter smoking indolently, the former reading, or pretending to read, a Burmese grammar. Outside, the village lay basking silently in the hot sunlight; not a living being was stirring in the long rambling street save a few dusty consequential fowls and a dissolute yellow pariah-dog, which, in the intervals of scratching itself, showed its resentment at the foreign invasion which had driven it from its usual resting place by hurling a fitful yelping bark in the direction of the rest-house. Just within the limits of the shade of the roof plodded, with fixed bayonet and downcast mien, a Burman policeman, for the moment much exercised in his mind at the hostile attitude of the pariah, but uncertain whether or not to quit his post and drive it away. He was one of the Deputy-Commissioner's guard, told off for duty at the rest-house from the stockaded police-station just visible among the tamarind trees to the right. The drowsy buzz of voices filtered sleepily down from the verandah above, where Smart was sitting in state investigating the claims of the rival headmen. The two factions had, an hour or so before, shuffled apologetically up the verandah-steps in single file, arrayed in their most dazzling silks, and were now squatting on the boards at opposite ends of the verandah, their eyes riveted on the Deputy-Commissioner, who, his fourth cheroot between his lips, was stabbing with a penknife a rough genealogical table which lay on the blotting-pad before him while he listened wearily to the list of enormities with which the junior of the claimants, the late headman's eldest brother's son, had to charge the elder competitor, the deceased's youngest brother but one.

"What are you so busy over, Mr. Waring? You haven't spoken a word for the last half-hour. You seem to have forgotten all about us lazy people here."

Waring awoke suddenly to his surroundings and looked up with a smile. He was just then in a healthily hopeful mood. So far everything had progressed as favourably as he could have wished. Heriot had that morning been unwontedly genial and magnanimous, and had showed an amazing willingness to let his companion have his full share of Ethel's society. He had ridden for some distance that forenoon with Smart, and had allowed the Treasury-Officer and the Deputy-Commissioner's sister to enjoy a long

conversation in the rear of the cavalcade, which to Waring's mind had done much towards clearing the ground. They had spoken about Waring's leave, and the terms in which the girl had referred to his departure had raised in his breast a faint hope that, after all, Heriot might not be the only stranger in the Station whose doings were of moment to her. Since breakfast too Heriot had been much preoccupied, and had more than once led Ethel to exclaim against his dulness; and in all this Waring imagined that he detected a desire on the part of his inscrutable friend to withdraw gracefully from the field and give him a free hand. With anything of a lead now from Ethel he felt he would be able to say all he wanted to say.

"It's a report on the pagoda for your brother," he replied in answer to Ethel's question.

"On this pagoda! Dear me, what does Jack want with a report, I wonder. Do let me see what you've written. Will it be printed? I hope you've said something about the soda-water bottle on the top and the dear old priest that showed us round," and she held out her hand for the manuscript.

"It's only a stupid official thing," muttered Waring deprecatingly. "No, it won't be printed, I'm thankful to say." He placed the paper in her hand and sat chewing the end of his pen, wondering inwardly, fond youth, whether Ethel was enough of a judge to appreciate the indubitable excellence of the last three paragraphs. But the girl only looked at the top sheet.

"Why are you thankful that it won't be printed?" she asked looking up. "I'm sure it looks very interesting, though I haven't the remotest idea what several of the words mean. What are *hti* and *pyothet*, for instance?"

"*Pyat-that* not *pyothet*," corrected Waring. "I'm afraid my writing is not very clear. *Hti* is the golden umbrella-business on the very top of the pagoda, the thing they'd stuck the soda-water bottle on the top of, do you remember? *Pyat-that* is a kind of gabled erection with a lot of storeys. There was a *pyat-that* at the foot of the hill; look, you can see its top twinkling from here."

"Oh yes, and didn't the old priest say it was part of a covered way which once went a good distance up the slope? How I wish I could understand Burmese."

"Yes, I've mentioned that in the report."

"Have you? Ah yes, so you have, further down. Oh, I see you've written quite a lot of pages, six, seven, eight, why, nine altogether! I thought it was only one. It looks a very nice report; I'm sure it ought to be printed," and she handed the manuscript, with all its beauties undetected, back to Waring. "But what does Jack want with a report on the pagoda?" she went on.

"He wants to send it to Rangoon."

"Fancy their wanting it there!" exclaimed the girl. "But why does Jack make you do it, Mr. Waring, instead of doing it himself?"

"He's got enough work to do already."

"Then why doesn't he do it, instead of sitting up there talking to those natives? He and those men seem to have done nothing but chatter since breakfast-time."

"Hush, hush, Miss Smart!" said Heriot; "you really must not speak of the affairs of the nation so lightly. The fate of the District, I may say of the Province, trembles at this moment in the balance; all depends upon what verdict your brother gives upstairs."

"He's got to appoint a new headman," said Waring. "There are two

claimants, you see, and your brother has to settle which of the two is to be appointed."

"Poor Jack, however is he to know, I wonder! I shouldn't like to have to settle. I should be afraid that the man I didn't choose would try to revenge himself on me. Can he appoint whom he likes?"

"Yes, practically."

"Fancy! I wish he'd appoint that nice policeman who came with us this morning from Tatkin, the one that scratched himself picking me those flowers. I wonder whom he will appoint."

"The one with the best claims, I should think," opined Waring.

"Not a bit of it; the one with the most cheek," asserted Heriot. "I'll put all my money on the brazen-faced young ruffian in a pink *pahso*, who led the way up. It's always the same; your diffident, retiring chap never has a chance against a fellow with lots of assurance, however good a case he may have."

"You think so?" said Waring grimly.

"I'm sure of it; I've tried."

"In what capacity?" The Forest-Officer's complacency was rapidly irritating Waring.

"Oh, as the diffident, modest individual, of course. What should you have thought?"

"What's going to be done to-morrow morning?" interposed Ethel. There was something in the voices of the speakers that made her scent possible discord in the air, and with feminine quickness she tried to divert the stream of conversation into a less troublous channel.

"I'm going to ride out to the plantation," replied Heriot; "I've arranged to meet the ranger there. Will you come with me, Miss Smart?"

"Is it far? I don't want to tire myself to-morrow."

"About five miles out; we can be back by eleven."

"I'm afraid that's too far; we shall be riding home after dinner, you know. What are you going to do to-morrow, Mr. Waring?"

"I promised your brother to go out with him to shoot over the *jheels* [1] behind the village. If Mr. Mullintosh is to be believed, they are full of snipe."

"I wonder whether I might go with you," exclaimed Ethel. "I've never seen any snipe-shooting."

"I shouldn't," remarked Heriot. "They won't want you, the unsociable brutes, and you'll get yourself in an awful mess. Much better come with me and look at the plantation. Say you will, and I'll make it ten o'clock." For the first time to Waring's knowledge his friend seemed to be really going out of his way to secure Ethel's company.

"I don't see why you shouldn't come with us, Miss Smart," said Waring, who observed with satisfaction that Heriot's eagerness was producing exactly the opposite effect on the girl to what the latter had expected. "It's beautifully clean shooting. No wading over those dirty paddy-fields, you know. All little narrow *jheels*; one could do it in silk socks and dancing-pumps. You can walk back, too, whenever you feel tired."

"I should like to of all things," said Ethel resolutely; "it'll be a new experience. I'll ask Jack."

The movement in the verandah above told them that Jack was at that moment engaged in dismissing the villagers, who presently poured, a motley stream, down the wooden stairs, gathered up their sandals, and tailed sheepishly away in two bands to the village, each claimant at the head of his party, followed at a respectful distance by his adherents,

[1] Marshy grounds.

body-servants, betel-box carriers, and what not, for they kept great state in Thonzè.

Smart followed a little later down the steps, yawning prodigiously.

"Well!" asked Waring when the Deputy-Commissioner stood by them, "Who is it to be, Maung Waik or Maung Myo?"

"Maung Myo."

"Is he the young one or the old one?" enquired Heriot, while Ethel murmured, "What appalling names!"

"Young 'un," replied Smart, seating himself on a gram-bag and yawning again. "I say, isn't it about tea-time? What's the hour?"

"Only a little past three; do you want your tea now?" asked Ethel.

"May as well have it now," said her brother. "Then we can get out immediately it's cool enough, say at four. I'm going round to inspect the police-station after tea, and have a look at the *jheels* we're going to shoot over to-morrow."

"I told you so," said Heriot.

"Told me what?" asked Smart.

"Not you, your sister. I said you'd choose the young one."

"Maung Myo, you mean? I couldn't do otherwise. The old one is a confirmed opium-eater, and from what I've just heard must be hand and glove with all the *dacoits* in the neighbourhood. He's always been suspected of harbouring Bo Chet, and I'm pretty sure now that our suspicions have been well founded. One gets all kinds of useful information on enquiries like this when there's a little bad blood on both sides."

"What, do you mean that poor old thing that went off just now at the head of one of the processions?" exclaimed Ethel. "That gentle, frail old man, I'm sure he can't have anything to do with *dacoits*. He wouldn't hurt a fly, I'm positive."

"Frail be blowed!" ejaculated her brother. "He's not fifty yet; it's the opium that makes him look so old. I've no doubt he's a thorough-paced old blackguard — I say, some one yell for tea."

"Jack, dear," said Ethel, when the tea had been brought and she was pouring it out into the thick camp tea-cups, "I am going out with you and Mr. Waring to-morrow morning. I may, mayn't I? I want to see how you shoot snipe. Now don't say no; I sha'n't be a bother, and I sha'n't get myself in a mess. Mr. Waring says it will be quite clean walking."

"Humph," said Smart. "I don't know about the clean walking, but if Mr. Waring doesn't mind, I don't. Only you must go back before the sun gets too hot, and mind you don't get in anybody's way."

"No, I'll take care," replied Ethel. "I'm sorry that you should have to ride out by yourself to-morrow morning, Mr. Heriot, but it's really rather too far for me. I hope you won't be lonely."

"I shall bear up," smiled Heriot; "don't think of me. After all I have got the ranger to comfort me; a most worthy officer, I assure you, quite an authority on *cutch*-reserves."[1]

He spoke with his usual imperturbability, but it struck Waring somehow that he was really rather annoyed at the prospect of a solitary ride.

[1] *Cutch*, a brown dye made from the heart-wood of an acacia (*acacia catechu*, whence *cutch*).

(To be continued.)

JULES MICHELET.

THERE is in Michelet's writings an element of such vivid youthfulness that one is almost surprised to learn that France is already commemorating the centenary of his birth. The impalpable dust, which gathers so soon on the work of the modern historian, is already beginning to lie lightly on the covers of his contemporaries, on Mignet, Thiers, Thierry, even on Guizot; they are not superannuated, but their aspect is a little antiquated; we cannot forget as we read them that their day is not ours. But in this, as in every other respect Michelet stands apart from them, alone for better or for worse, untouched by that subtle suggestion of age; his history may strike the reader as being very bad or very good, but good or bad, it can hardly fail to impress him with a sense of its curious, perpetual freshness.

He was born in Paris on August 21st, 1798, in the chancel of a convent chapel which had been transformed during the Revolution into a printer's workshop. His father had come from Picardy to Paris after the Terror and had been fairly prosperous for some years, until Napoleon silenced the press and ruined the printers. In 1800, when Jules was two years old, the shadows of anxiety and privation began to darken his home. Before long the workmen were dismissed because their wages could no longer be paid, and all the work that could still be obtained was done by the family; the old grandfather laboured at the press with trembling hands; the mother cut and folded, while Jules stood for hours at the compositor's case. "I grew up in the shade," he says, "like a blade of grass between two paving-stones." His only recreation was an occasional visit to the Museum of French Monuments where there was no charge for admission. His mother took him there sometimes, and while she sat absorbed in her own mournful thoughts the child wandered through the vaulted rooms, staring half fascinated, half afraid, at the pale sculptured faces of the dead. Were they really dead, those inanimate figures? He was not quite certain; if Frédégonde's marble head had turned on the pillow, if Chilperic had muttered a word in his heavy sleep, it would not have amazed him beyond belief. It was here that the spell of the past first stole upon his senses, and he became aware of a desire "to climb back through the great centuries."

Starved, shivering, exhausted by long hours of monotonous toil, and saddened by his parents' anxieties, the boy soon searched for and found the secret spring which opened a door into a different world. His father's little library contained Boileau's works, ROBINSON CRUSOE, Dreux de Radier's QUEENS OF FRANCE, and THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, and on these he fed his fancy, "reading a little and imagining a great deal." His father, an ardent Revolutionist, had taught him nothing of religion; it was in the Imitation that he first heard the Divine Voice speaking to him "in soft, paternal tones," and through its pages he gained his first glimpse of a happier life beyond this sorrowful world. "I can still see," he wrote,

nearly forty years after, in the preface to Le Peuple, "the mysterious radiance which seemed to illumine the large bare room; the book did not take me very far, for I understood nothing of Christ, but I felt God in it."

His parents were certain that Jules had a future before him, and by dint of heroic sacrifices they sent him at fourteen to the Lycée Charlemagne. Ignorant of almost everything which at that age he should have known, shy, awkward, and miserably conscious of his threadbare clothes, he found himself among his school fellows, "as bewildered as an owl in daylight;" giddy from hunger and numb from cold, it was hard for him to learn his lessons and harder still to say them; when he replied to a question his voice shook with nervousness, and was easily drowned by the ready laughter of his comrades. Too unlike other boys to understand their cheerful heartlessness, and too sensitive to endure it without intense suffering, he retreated still deeper into that inner world which was peopled with so many kind and gracious spirits. And as he crept painfully through the snowy streets, choosing, little misanthrope that he was, the least frequented paths, he was aware of a consoling voice which assured him that he would not disappoint his parents' hopes: "My faith was not ridiculous, I believed in the future because I was making it myself."

Soon after he left school, his father obtained a small post in a private lunatic asylum, and for the first time in his life the boy had enough to eat. His mother died just before this improvement in their circumstances, and Michelet bitterly regretted that they had not been able to afford to buy the plot of ground in which she was buried. On the anniversary of her death he never failed to carry a wreath to the cemetery, and to lay it upon some nameless grave which might perhaps be hers.

Intellectual passion, he tells us, devoured his youth, but it never gained the entire mastery over the hunger for love and happiness against which he was always bracing himself; his sad little journal (1820-1822), shows him continually repressing with the severity of one-and-twenty the natural cravings which poverty still forbade him to indulge. "I must begin mathematics," he says; "they help to quiet the senses. . . . We must gird up our loins more firmly; perhaps that is the secret of happiness for him who knows himself so vulnerable. . . . Love your duties, your pleasures, such as they are; if they seem scanty, remember that more happiness might damp the wings of your soul. . . . How often I have said to myself, build a wall of separation round your soul, otherwise you have no rest. . . . You must read the Stoics again, especially Epictetus. I try every evening to read the Imitation, to raise myself, but it is despairingly perfect. . . . If I see a happy household I turn away my eyes. *I shall die alone*, says Pascal." Yet, while keenly feeling the limitations imposed upon him by the narrowness of his means, he resolutely rejected the temptation which came early in his way to use his pen to increase the scanty income earned by teaching. He thought, with Rousseau, that literature should be a thing apart, "the inward flower of the soul;" and with a thousand literary projects, he had as yet nothing matured: "I will not reap my corn half ripe," said he.

His talent did not long remain unrecognised, in spite of the fierce pride which made it impossible for him to ask favours, and the shy

repellent manner which was most unlikely to attract them. In 1822 he became Professor of History at the Collège Ste. Barbe-Rollin; in 1827, he published his translation of Vico's SCIENZA NUOVA and a Précis of Modern History, which procured him a Professorship of History and Philosophy at the Ecole Normale; in 1831 he was placed at the head of the historical section of the Archives; the first two volumes of his HISTORY OF FRANCE appeared in 1833; in 1834 he was appointed deputy to Guizot at the Sorbonne; and in 1838 he was called to the chair of History and Morals at the Collège de France. His marriage in 1823, to Mademoiselle Rousseau, did not interrupt the studious isolation which was then his choice, and when society opened her doors to the rising historian who had been selected to give lessons to the Duke of Berri's daughter, afterwards Duchess of Parma, he did not care to avail himself of the privilege. No success could obliterate the imprint of his early sufferings, and the gloomy misanthropy of his boyhood survived in a mistrust of society which he never overcame. He still clung to his youthful maxim, "Let us love men, but at a safe distance," and "in the half Catholic salons, in the insipid atmosphere of Chateaubriand's friends" he perceived a dangerous snare. His distaste for a political career was equally marked. "I have," he said, "neither the health nor the talent for politics, nor the knack of managing men;" and when invited to become a candidate for office he answered, "I am an artist." He never, in fact, swerved from the line of life which he had early recognised as his own vocation; he found his happiness in his writing, in his teaching, and in the tranquil seclusion of his own home, brightened by intercourse with a few friends, of whom Edgar Quinet was the most intimate. For forty years he lived in the past, occasionally emerging like some amphibious creature, only to vanish gladly again into the element which he felt was truly his own.

His point of contact with the outer world was in the class-room where his happiest hours were spent. He loved teaching, and he gave himself unreservedly to his class; his sympathy, his imagination, his fearless originality, his hatred of every form of cruelty and oppression, and the passionate pity for all suffering creatures which was his ruling sentiment,—these were the qualities which made him the idol of the school. His boyish experiences had left him reserved, timid, and suspicious; in the adoration with which his students regarded him, and which he repaid in the warmest affection, he gratefully recognised a softening influence of the highest value. "Without knowing it," he wrote in the preface to LE PEUPLE, "they rendered me an immense service. If as an historian I had a merit of my own which made me the equal of my illustrious predecessors, I owed it to my teaching. These great historians were brilliant, judicious, profound; but I loved more." His lessons were the events of the week; one day he lectured, the other lesson was more informal. The young professor, frail, small, always dressed with extreme correctness, stood leaning against the mantelpiece, his white hair (it was white at five and twenty) contrasting with his brilliant eyes, while the class listened fascinated to his capricious and suggestive talk. "He was not always exact, far from it," says Jules Simon, who was one of his students; "but he always widened the horizon and awakened ideas. After having heard him we felt ourselves more capable. Sometimes his views struck us as so

novel that we were like travellers suddenly transported to some mountain summit, whence immense spaces became visible to us . . . . We thought that he knew everything, and even now I am not sure that we were wrong."

His career at the Collège de France was in a sense less satisfactory than it had been at the Ecole Normale. He was fully as popular at the one as at the other, but he was less himself in the larger room before a fashionable audience. The romantic reaction which had set in at the close of the first quarter of the century was at its height; Paris was in love with Gothic architecture and the Feudal System, and Michelet's lectures on the Middle Ages brought him crowds of eager disciples. His door was besieged two hours before the time of opening by an impatient throng bent on securing seats. "I have often," says Heine in LUTETIA, "vainly tried to gain admittance to the lectures of M. Symbole [the nickname the Latin Quarter had given him] but the room was always filled to overflowing by the students who pressed enthusiastically round him." In this heated atmosphere the simplicity, which had been so charming an element in his earlier teaching, disappeared; his inconsequence and eccentricity became more marked; he was always an original and eloquent orator, but the teacher's mission was frequently overlooked. And the lecture over, though never till then, a few of his hearers sometimes reflected that, while they had spent a delightful hour with the Professor of History and Morals, neither morals nor history had had much place in his discourse.

The year 1843 was marked by a curious mental crisis in Michelet's life. In that year a certain canon of Lyons, the Abbé Des Garets, contributed to the conflict in which the clerical party and the Minister of Public Instruction were then engaged, a pamphlet, LE MONOPOLE UNIVERSITAIRE DÉVOILÉ, in which he attacked the best known men of the College and of the Sorbonne with outrageous violence. He denounced Michelet and his colleague Quinet (who was Professor of the Literature and Institutions of Southern Europe) with particular fury, accusing them of atheism, immorality, and bad faith, of killing "the very germ of virtue in the hearts of their students." The pamphlet was in itself of no particular importance, but its effect was quite unforeseen and out of all proportion. Michelet and Quinet simultaneously resolved to respond to the Abbé's onslaught by a course of lectures on the Jesuits; and the former who had hitherto passed for an ally of the Church, if for nothing more, suddenly declared himself her determined foe. The transformation, which so greatly surprised his contemporaries, has been attributed to Michelet's personal resentment against Des Garets, but this sentiment certainly did not wholly account for his rupture with Christianity. He seems rather to have become suddenly aware of the irreconcileable claims of the school of thought in which he had been born and bred, and of that faith to which his profoundly religious nature for ever yearned. Driven to choose definitely between the two, he did not hesitate. The clerical party had attacked freedom of thought under cover of attacking the University; Michelet retaliated by assailing the character of Christianity under pretext of exposing the Society of Jesus.

The Church's friends and foes alike beheld with amazement the mystical interpreter of the Ages of Faith step forward as their relentless accuser. Heine has recorded his wonder when "the gentle Michelet suddenly went wild" and "threw out the Christ-

child with the bath-water." Michelet's mind was far too spiritual and too reverent to allow him to adopt any form of materialism as his creed, but he never retraced his steps; he never again saw in Christianity the force and the beauty which he had once so freely recognised. Until this time his attitude towards religion had remained vaguely amicable. He had been brought up, as has been said, in complete ignorance of dogma, but at eighteen some impulse drove him to ask for baptism at the church of St. Medard, and though he never communicated, he was married in church, he took his two children, Adèle and Charles, to mass every Sunday, and in the preface to his MEMOIRS OF LUTHER (1835) he offers himself as the able apologist of the Roman Catholic Church. While acknowledging how much the world owes to the Saxon Reformer, "the liberator of modern thought," he adds that his strongest sympathies are not with the Protestants.

An enumeration of the causes which rendered the victory of Protestantism inevitable will not be found here; we shall not imitate others in showing the wounds of a Church which is dear to us. . . . Her weakness and her greatness consisted alike in this, that she excluded nothing that has to do with man. The universal is always feeble as opposed to the special; and heresy is a choice, a speciality, a local, an intellectual speciality. . . . The Church had to fight for the world's unity against the diverse forces of the world. Being in the majority, she dragged with her the timid and the lukewarm; as a state, she encountered all secular temptations; as the centre of religious tradition, she received from all sides a host of local beliefs. . . . Embracing the whole of humanity, she included humanity's contradictions and limitations. . . . Every streamlet may doubtless say to the ocean, "I come pure from my mountain, but thou receivest the pollutions of the world." "True," she replies, "but I am the ocean."

Utterances such as this had brought upon him the reproaches of his own party and had led the Catholics to reckon him almost as one of themselves; but no such misconstruction was to be henceforth possible.

The College authorities had not unnaturally objected to the excitement produced by the Jesuit affair, which had turned the lecture-room into a theatre where frenzied shouts of applause only half drowned the savage vociferations of the lecturer's opponents. They objected particularly to Quinet's share in the campaign, protesting that they could discover no connection between the literature of Southern Europe and the Jesuits; and since Quinet refused to admit that they had any right to interfere with his course, he was suspended in the autumn of 1843. Michelet continued to lecture for four years when the same fate befel him, partly on account of the difficulty he found in adhering to the College scheme. He had been requested to pay more attention to the rule which required two lessons in the week. "I cannot always do it," said he. "But I manage it," observed one of his colleagues. "Very likely," returned Michelet; "it would not be difficult to give a lesson like yours once a day. Each of mine is a poem." Unfortunately the College did not require him to make poems, and he was suspended in January, 1848. He was permanently deprived of his chair after the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, on the ground that his teaching had given rise to scandalous scenes and was of a nature to disturb the public peace. On his honourably refusing, as a Republican, to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Napoleon, he lost his post at the Archives, and at the same time his Précis of Modern History was removed from the list of works authorised by the Educational Department, a blow which completed

his financial ruin. He had been living for some time outside Paris, in the little house where Ranke found him in 1850. "I cannot think," says the German historian, "where he keeps his books, and I could not persuade him to show me his study." He now retreated to Nantes to devote himself anew to his writings; but his best work was already done, and none of the little books which he produced in the short intervals which divided the later volumes of the History of France have added materially to his reputation. In 1849 he had married again, and the limitless devotion of his wife sustained him under the trials which clouded his last years,—poverty, illness, bereavement, the sorrow with which he saw France renounce, as he thought, the glorious inheritance bequeathed to her by the Revolution, and the overwhelming calamity of 1871. He had always loved the Germans ("that innocent race of good and true patriots") as much as he hated the English, and his grief was therefore the more acute. When the news that Paris had capitulated to the Prussians reached him at Pisa where he was then staying, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and never wholly recovered from the effects of the blow. He lived three years longer, dying at Hyères on February 9th, 1873. He was first laid to rest in the cemetery there and afterwards re-interred in Paris, where in 1883 a monument was erected to his memory in Père la Chaise by public subscription.

The close of his life was brightened by his faith in the immortality of the soul, based characteristically neither on reason nor revelation, but on an intimate trust in the love and justice of God. "Nothing shall perish; of this I am persuaded," he wrote in LE PEUPLE; "we are in too good hands." "I do not feel," he said one day, "the need of an eternal life for my mind: I think my intellectual powers have produced all they are capable of; but I cannot admit that my power of loving can be annihilated." He held firmly also that the wrongs of this world must be redressed somehow and somewhere. "The Emperor Nicholas would be enough to make me believe in a future life."

"My life," says Michelet in the preface to his History of France, "is in this book; it has been my one event."

These seventeen volumes by no means represent the whole of his literary activity,—his name may be read upon a score of other title-pages, exclusive of a history of the Revolution in seven volumes,—but we shall do well to accept his own verdict. His other writings, with the notable exception of LE PEUPLE, may be allowed to pass unnoticed; the History of France remains the one event in the writer's life with which, a quarter of a century after his death, a world so full of books as this is has much to do.

The French are richer in histories of their own country than the English. The French historian less frequently goes abroad to find his material, for the land which has always been, and still is, supremely interesting to her neighbours, has an inexhaustible fascination for her own sons. If a foreigner wishes to study the history of England as a whole, we hardly know what book to recommend him; Hume and Lingard are obsolete; Green is on too small a scale and too much occupied with one aspect of the national life. It might of course be done in epochs; but we could more readily supply him with an English history of Greece, of Rome, of Latin Christianity, of the Papacy, of the Middle Ages, of Frederick the Great,

or of the House of Austria, than of England. There is much to be said, no doubt, in praise of the Englishman's broader international view, and the devotion of French writers to France is certainly not untainted by qualities which under other geographical conditions have been condemned as insular; nevertheless we cannot reflect without a certain regret that we have nothing to compare with Michelet, or with Henri Martin.

It is not in the nature of things that an enterprise of this magnitude should result in unqualified success. The specialist theory, after conquering the field of science, has annexed the domain of letters; and it is now generally recognised that life is so short and State Papers so long, that it is a risk for any man to venture outside the particular period which he has made his own. It is impossible that a book begun at thirty and ended at seventy should maintain the same level throughout; that every period, from the founding of the Phœnician colony of Marseilles to the death of Louis the Sixteenth, should be treated with uniform excellence. The very number of the volumes offers an immense advantage to the hostile critic, and this is accentuated in Michelet's case by the marked limitations to which his genius was subject. Yet one of the striking features of his history is its artistic unity. It is by no means a work of even merit or of perfect proportion, and the writer's attitude has changed more than once with bewildering completeness. It is nevertheless distinguished by the kind of organic continuity which he claims for it, and which is due mainly to the biographical element in it. It is in truth not so much a History as a Life of France, which might have been written to illustrate the author's theory, "England is an empire, Germany a country, France a person." It reveals to us not the building of a house but the growth of a sentient creature; it tingles with life and sensation.

The last volume of this great work, to which Michelet devoted the best years of his life[1] with unwearying assiduity, appeared in 1867; and the thirty years which have since elapsed have witnessed a notable change in the views of historical students. There has been a marked reaction in favour of what, for want of a better term, we may call historic realism. The generation which hailed Macaulay's History with rapturous homage has passed away, and its successor looks doubtfully upon the seductive volumes which were once pronounced more interesting than any novel. Readers are at present expected to content themselves with plain, unflavoured facts, with histories which bear no resemblance at all to novels. So closely indeed is the historian pursued by a terror of the picturesque, that he hardly attempts to be readable; to be more than readable would possibly be to hazard his reputation. Those who cannot rise to this austere standard, and are yet fain to know something of the past, are driven to satisfy their craving surreptitiously, as it were, in the pages of the historical novel. History must not be tempered with Romance, but Romance may still be tinged with History; it is this which accounts in great measure for the present popularity of that form of fiction.

A glance at the preface to Michelet's History of France will show how great a gulf divides him from his successors. The historian's true function, Michelet asserts, is not to narrate the past but to resus-

[1] It was planned in 1830 and finished in 1867; if we deduct the eight years which were given to the French Revolution, it covers a space of nearly thirty years.

citate it; his indispensable qualifications are, not detachment and industry, but sympathy and imagination. So far from adopting the attitude of a distant and impartial spectator, he must interest himself in all that has ever interested humanity; he must be thrilled by all its enthusiasms, he must be stirred by all its impulses; thus and thus only can he penetrate into the dim world of shadows which lies so far behind us. And he tells us elsewhere how completely he achieved this aim. To him the dead men and women among whom he lived were as close and as real as his contemporaries; when he asserts that he had not merely read of, but that he had witnessed the long drama he describes, one hardly feels as if he were exaggerating. "All that I had dreamed of in vain," he declares, "all that my destiny denied me in this world, I found in spite of her. . . . As I follow from age to age the undying man made in my own likeness, it seems to me sometimes as though he were indeed no other than myself. What he felt, I have felt, what he did, I have done." He was walking one day through the streets of Rouen, when his companion, wondering at his silence, glanced at him suddenly and perceived that there were tears on his face. He anxiously enquired the cause of his grief. "It was here she died," said Michelet. "But who?" "Who? Why, Joan of Arc," returned the historian, astonished in his turn that the square was not still peopled for everyone, as for him, with the actors in that immortal tragedy. It was said of him that he had only twice been in love,—once with Heloise and once with Joan. "No wonder I look old," he used to say; "I have lived two thousand years."

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the objections to which this method of writing history lies open. An imagination as marvellous, sympathies as passionate as those which qualified Michelet for what he calls the work of resurrection, are apt to prove as dangerous as the enslaved genii in the fairy-tale, to transfigure, to disguise, and to distort as much as they reveal. Whatever our conception of the ultimate use of history may be, whether to construct a philosophy of life or to point its moral, to explain the present or to divine the future, the historian's primary duty is to tell us to the best of his ability what happened. "The question is," says Mr. Morley, "does he tell the truth?" And although the historical student may not unfairly retort by asking whether anyone tells the truth, the question with some modifications must be allowed to stand. No one who depends upon other men's senses can be certain of coming to an infallibly correct conclusion; it is improbable that the sentences passed by a judge who had some fragments of written depositions before him, and no chance of hearing a single witness examined, would be invariably just. But if it is vain to insist upon the historian's telling us the truth, we must at least enquire whether he has done his best to tell it, whether his intentions are absolutely honest, and whether he has brought us as near the facts as he could. It is by his answer to this question that his work stands or falls; no originality of conception, no magic of style, no splendour of diction can redeem it from ignominy if it does not stand this test.

Michelet knew his peril and endeavoured to guard against it; he read and studied with unrelaxing industry, undaunted in his search for facts by dulness or difficulty. His negligence in giving his refer-

ences, and still more the astonishing dexterity with which he employs his materials, are apt to conceal from the general reader the accuracy of detail which he sought and obtained; I doubt if anyone who has not worked to some extent over the same ground can rightly appreciate the enormous extent of his knowledge. And yet it must be admitted that, while he was transparently sincere and unreservedly willing to tell all he saw, there were some things which he was never able to see aright, and others to which Time, who grants to so many a clearer mental vision, did only blind his eyes.

I have spoken of the organic unity of his history, and this is perhaps partly what he meant when he spoke of it as being the same throughout; in no other sense can we admit the statement. The melancholy fact is that, while his earlier work is unsurpassed in its sincerity, in its penetration, and in its beauty, the latter part drops steeply down to a far lower level. The volumes which deal with the Middle Ages are a wonderful achievement in themselves, and more wonderful still when we reflect upon their author's position. The child of the eighteenth century, born in that desecrated church which prefigured the empty fane in which he afterwards worshipped, who saw God incarnate only in the French Revolution,—how could he comprehend the childish faith, the mystical aspiration, the pathetic loyalty of an age whose dearest traditions clung about the Cross and the Throne? But he did comprehend them. The patient craftsman who wrought his prayers into up-springing arch and spire, "to bear witness that at least the desire to rise was not wanting," the maid who heard angelic voices in the rustling of the forest-boughs, the peasant begging a place in the kingdom of God for his ox and his ass, his fellow-labourers hardly more ignorant or less articulate than he,—he divined their secrets and interprets them to us with the tenderest fidelity. What a kingly portrait this passionate Republican has given us of France's royal saint, benign, wise, and melancholy; with what a masterly hand he delineates the character and policy of that other Louis, malicious and subtle, who did so much for his country and so little for his own reputation. There is not a dull line in these volumes, and although it would be foolish to assert that there are no errors of detail to be detected,—the general rendering of the period is none the less finely and vividly true.

At the end of the reign of Louis the Eleventh he broke off to write the history of the Revolution. The volumes which followed, dealing with the Reformation, the Renaissance, the Wars of Religion and Henry the Fourth, brilliant though they are, show signs of deterioration; there is something feverish in their brilliance. And as the story proceeds from the death of Henry the Fourth to the end which the writer fondly believed crowned the work, he grows more moody, more violent, and more rancorous. The benign influences of Church and Crown were generously acknowledged in his earlier volumes, but he has forgotten by this time that he ever had a good word to say for either of them. He dwells with monotonous persistence upon the base and squalid side of the Bourbon reigns; we hear little of the century of Corneille and Molière, of Descartes and Pascal, except its court intrigues; he has studied the Scandalous Chronicles and Secret Lives of the day until he will hardly allow that Condé was clever or Fénelon pure.

The most obvious of these limitations of vision of which I have

spoken, is to be found in Michelet's feeling towards England and the English. To him the Englishman is only visible as the malignant, and too often the exultant enemy of France the soldier of God who represents always what is best in human aspiration. The destiny of France was to enlighten and to guide the world; it was constantly interrupted by the baneful influence of the uncivilised islander. The victories of the English are so many triumphs won by the powers of darkness, and the struggle between them is a sort of personification of the eternal conflict between good and evil in which the good is so often worsted, to the pain and perplexity of all right-minded observers. The Englishman is the incarnation of all the vices but one; he is haughty, cunning, stupid, ferocious, sensual, a drunkard, a glutton, a hypocrite; his solitary virtue is a sullen and dogged courage. In his fine chapter upon THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, whose mystic charm had touched him so profoundly as a child, he goes out of his way to observe that this unique work has been ascribed in turn to various nationalities,—never to an Englishman.

> This great English nation, among so many good and solid qualities [it is the first we have heard of them], has one vice which spoils these very qualities. This vice, immense and profound, is pride, a cruel disease which is none the less their principle of life, the explanation of their contradictions, the secret of their actions. Their virtues and their crimes, pride accounts for them both; it accounts for their absurdities also. This adoration of oneself, this inward worship offered by the creature to itself, this is the sin by which Satan fell, the supreme impiety. This is why, with so many human virtues, with this outward show of gravity and goodness, this Biblical turn of mind, no nation is further from grace. They are the only people who have never been able to claim the Imitation. A Frenchman might have written the book, a German, an Italian, never an Englishman. From Shakespeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their fine sombre literature is sceptical, Judaic, Satanic, in a word anti-Christian. The American Indians, who have so often so much insight and originality, had a way of saying: "Christ was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the British service."[1]

He could never bring himself to forgive England her sins against France, and the Englishman of the nineteenth century, however harmless and friendly he might appear, was still to him the savage, and at heart the impenitent, author of all his country's ills. Crécy and Oudenarde were as near to him as Waterloo, and he could pardon and forget the one as little as the other. Yet there are times when he does us full, though reluctant, justice; the story of Agincourt has seldom been better told than by Michelet. And there is a flash of keen perception in the remark: "Except Pitt, England (in 1805) had no great men, though Nelson was a clever sailor. . . . England can do without individuals."

Michelet has been severely blamed for his choice of a style. History is expected, very justly, to go richly but soberly clad; we hardly recognise her in the glittering fantastic raiment in which he arrayed her. The truth certainly is that Michelet had no choice. Nature would have forced him to be a poet; he insisted on making himself a historian, and his style bears everywhere the mark of the conflict of which he was perfectly sensible. "When I try to write," he said in a despondent moment, "I am only an abortive poet;" and in spite of the surpassing beauty of many of his passages, his abrupt whimsical prose constantly suggests that he is

[1] HISTORY OF FRANCE, vi., 284; ed. 1876.

working in a wrong medium; he gains the victory (and what a victory it is!), but he has had to fight hard for it. It would be useless, considering what he has given us it would be ungracious, to demand of him the historian's ideal method, which we may describe as accuracy touched with emotion, and which is to be studied in Ranke's History of the Reformation in Germany. There is in the king of modern historians that element of sanity which is the one thing lacking in Michelet. Ranke has not Michelet's brilliance, nor his swift penetration: he is (except in the German Reformation) wanting in the vivifying quality which he himself considered an essentially French attribute, a little wanting also in that quick sense of heroism and beauty which thrills through Michelet's pages; but his glance is so steadfast, his temper so serene, his love of truth so unqualified, that we commit ourselves to his guidance with a refreshing sense of security. With Michelet we can never feel quite safe: he too often seizes the advantage his genius gives him to force his views upon us; there is not a page which can be detached from the writer's personality; it is as though he stood at the reader's elbow commenting and explaining with an eagerness which sometimes illuminates and sometimes bewilders him. "Gibbon's style," says Bagehot, "is not a style in which you can tell the truth;" Michelet's style is one which flashes the truth at times into your eyes as with a dark lantern; but a dark lantern is not the best light to read by.

There is one quality in Michelet's writings which is peculiarly his own; it is that strange intoxicating element which makes it difficult to read much of him at a time. Take, for example, the opening lines of the fourteenth volume in which he begins brusquely to recount the Thirty Years' War. "There were," he says, in almost his opening sentence, "three or four markets where a desperate man might sell himself;" and then he goes on to enumerate them, giving to each a few descriptive words: the ancient market of the East, on the Turkish frontier, where Bethlehem Gabor was holding his ground against two empires; the little market of Holland, where men were carefully selected, well-fed and well-paid; the vast theatre of Russia and Poland; and finally Germany, the monstrous market which threatened to absorb all the rest, concentrating in itself all the soldiers in Europe of every country and of every religion. Here the reader is forced to pause. Involuntarily he lays down the volume to gaze at the immense canvas so swiftly unrolled before him; for it must indeed be an apathetic mind that can look without a sense of disquietude upon this sinister picture; from east and west and north he sees those strange figures, hungry and blood-stained, trooping to the slaughter, and he must wait awhile before he can see anything else.

We may not say that Michelet is one of the greatest of teachers, but he has in the fullest possible measure the teacher's greatest gift, a genius for inspiring his students with a wish to learn. He stimulates interest and curiosity more than almost any other writer; and if we begin the study of his subject with him, it is certain we shall not end it there. Once we have tasted what he calls, "the sharp strong wine of history" as he presents it, we come under the spell; we are captives for ever of the past. If his is not the best way of writing history, at least it is one of the best ways of inducing people to read it.

H. C. Macdowall.

THE GENTLE ART OF CYCLING.

III.—The Ghosts of a Surrey Park.

We were sitting in what had once been the banqueting-hall of an Elizabethan manor-house. Although the afternoon sunshine was streaming through the stained-glass windows, we had been glad to draw our chairs up to the glowing logs on the great hearth, for the walls of the house were so thick that the heat of the sun could only pierce them on the fiercest of summer days. How out of place we all looked, sitting there in our modern tweed garments, in the presence of the picturesque ladies and gentlemen who looked down upon us from the panelled walls! I, for one, felt like an interloper, as though I had intruded into the land of ghosts, and had displayed a want of courtesy in forcing my society upon its shadowy inhabitants. How our host had the temerity to live and move and have his being amid surroundings so hallowed by time I have never been able to understand. Had the place been mine I should not have dared to live nearer to it than the village inn, and might have had sufficient effrontery to occasionally wander through its historic chambers as an unworthy visitor. The ancient butler seemed to feel his position acutely as he brought in afternoon tea; he evidently felt that the mild-looking cups and saucers were but a feeble substitute for the wassail-bowl and flagons of sack that had once graced the huge oaken table. We had been looking from the upper windows over the wide prospect of meadow and woodland sweeping away to the distant downs, and I was venturing to praise the view and to express my admiration for certain bits of Surrey scenery. "Ah," interposed our host, "they're all very well, but have you been up to Newland's Corner?" On my replying that I had not, he looked at me reproachfully, much as a High-Church curate might look at one who should brazenly confess that he had never been to early communion. It was sufficient to convince me that this particular corner was worth seeing, and I resolved to redeem my character as speedily as possible.

Most cyclists lose heavily by slavish adherence to route-maps and guides which keep them on the great main roads. This is especially the case with townsmen. When they go for a day's ride they want to get as far away from the town as possible, and with this end in view they select a main road and grind along it so far as time and strength will permit. Some of these main arteries are of course very beautiful,—the Portsmouth Road between Esher and Ripley is a continuous feast of beauty for all who will ride slowly enough to appreciate it; but on the other hand the great highways are often monotonous lengths of roads, not to be compared with the byways and lanes that intersect them. It is in the shady depths of these narrow winding ways that the real delight and romance of cycling commences. You are one of a crowd on the great highway, stupidly toiling on from place to place; in the secret, shady lanes you are a solitary explorer, face to face with Nature in her prettiest moods, and you realise what a thinly-peopled, wild, woodland country England is outside her great over-

grown towns. A cyclist once confided to me that he was beginning to hate the sight of the high roads, but he was afraid of venturing off them lest he should lose himself. As if anything could be more delightful! Then he was also afraid that he might find himself in an isolated spot at lunch-time. This is the awful condition to which civilisation has brought some of us; we must receive our aliment with all the regularity of a cramming-room on a French poultry-farm, or we die. The man who cannot on occasion enjoy a lunch of bread and butter, or cheese, or even a hunch of bread and a mugful of milk, ought never to ride on a bicycle; his proper place is in the arm-chair of a Pullman-car, as near the cooking-galley as possible, or on an ocean-steamer. Sometimes it is the fear of unrideable roads that keeps the cyclist on the beaten track. More often than not there is no ground for such fears. There is, for instance, a lane on the Ripley Road, the beginning of which presents to view a formidable stretch of flints, and there are those ominous streaks of grass down the centre which usually betoken an unrideable path. But it is all an illusion. In a couple of hundred yards or so the flints disappear, and for three miles there is a charming ride with woodland on either side. I have never met a bicyclist on this road, although at each end it touches a popular Surrey highway.

If any Londoner desires to wander through the beauties of Surrey and Hampshire he will be wise if he takes train to Woking, which has the advantage of being quickly accessible, and from which excellent roads converge in all directions. Let him banish all superstitious forebodings as to the cemetery and the crematorium, both of which are separated from Woking by some miles of pine-fringed commons. This was my starting-point on the gray September morning when I set forth, like a poor sickly town-bird escaped from its narrow cage, in search of Newland's Corner. How sweet the country air tasted after the smoke of London! The clerk of the weather sympathised with the poor jaded cockney, and before I had pedalled two miles the gray masses of clouds were checkered with patches of blue; a little later and they seemed to have suddenly been transformed into white fleecy boulders, and high overhead was a long sweep of mackerel sky foreboding strong winds.

Just before reaching Mayford School, behind the red-brick walls of which an earnest attempt is being made to mould the flotsam and jetsam of the London streets into honest useful lads, I turned off to the left along a road bordered with white posts, — very useful adornments on dark wintry nights, for the ditches on either side are deep and wide. With a spurt up the hill, past a triangular patch of turf in the centre of the cross roads, I found myself in the familiar green lanes leading to Stoke and Guildford. These lanes are wondrously rich in bird-life; and the birds seem to have taken a fresh lease of their singing-powers, for the trees are as full of song as they were in the spring-time. The honeysuckle is in bloom again and the hedges are still thick with blackberries. *Clang-clang-clang!* It is the bell of the little Roman Catholic church on the top of the hill ringing the faithful to prayers; where the worshippers come from is a mystery, for there is not a house in sight. A few yards farther on a finger-post points to Burgham and Merrow. Here the road narrows, and there are some awkward corners. It is well to ring your bell freely along such lanes, for you never know

who is round the next corner. It may be a thoughtless wheelman; it may be a nervous elderly female; whoever it is, you ought to let them know you are coming, for remember that your machine is almost noiseless. You will of course be abused for ringing. The good dame will exclaim: "Drat the man, surely there's enough room for him to pass! Does he want all the road to himself!" But you may console yourself with the knowledge that, if you had not given warning of your approach, she would have declared that you were no gentleman to startle a lady by rushing past her in that way: "Why doesn't the wretch ring his bell!" The world is difficult to please, but it is best to be on the safe side; no one can reasonably find fault with you for making your presence known.

Turning up the lane leading to Burgham I thought to get a glimpse of Sutton Court, the beautiful Elizabethan manor-house whose story has been written by Mr. Frederic Harrison. Watching the landscape on my left I was presently rewarded by a sight of the roof and ruddy gables peeping out from a gap in the trees. From this road the house is unapproachable; but if you are ever in the neighbourhood of Sutton Green, three-quarters of a mile to the left, do not fail to open the white gate facing the village street, to climb the hill and bear to the left on reaching the little church at the summit. About a quarter of a mile along the path, facing an avenue of fine old trees, you will suddenly find on your right hand a sight such as you rarely see even in England. It is the colour that first impresses you, the warm red walls softened by the mellowing hand of Time. In a moment you have stepped back over two centuries; you are in touch with the age of Shakespeare, Raleigh, and Sidney. If a gentleman in doublet and hose, with a sword at his side or a hawk on his wrist, strolled across the court-yard you would not be in the least astonished. But the beauties of Sutton Court are worthy a poet's flight; they are beyond the reach of my poor pedestrian muse.

Wreaths of smoke are curling upward from the fields this morning; piles of rubbish, burning on all sides, fill the air with an unmistakable autumnal odour. A regiment of cows line the edges of the fields on either side of the road. They greet me with bovine indifference, almost amounting to contempt; evidently I am not the party they expected. I pause on the little bridge crossing the Wey, to look down upon the pretty banks green and wooded to the water's edge; and a few crumbs of biscuit bring up a shoal of young roach, who fight for the spoil with an eager greediness that I had hitherto thought peculiar to chickens.

A few minutes' ride beyond the bridge brought me to the Green Man at the side of the road leading from Ripley to Guildford. I crossed the road delicately, for unfortunately the Scorcher is occasionally to be found thereabouts, and I had no wish to find his front wheel buckled in my frame. Ripley is now shorn of much of its old glory. In the days of the old high machine it was a terminus for the London rider; it is now only a half-way house. On Saturday afternoons and on Sundays all the very latest things in cycledom are to be seen on this road. Some of the smart young men smile at my five-year-old crock. The handle-bars have not the latest curve, the saddle is not built on the new anatomical principle, the smooth tires are quite antediluvian, the spokes of the wheels have not the latest twist, and the whole machine is twice as heavy as a machine should

be. A saucy youth once declared that it must have come out of the Ark. But I often find these gay folk wheeling their machines home in two sections, or hammering at them sadly by the roadside with spanners and pocket-knives, or making their fingers sore in mending punctures. As for my own ancient friend, it has during its five years of life often toiled over some of the worst roads in England without mischance, and has only cost three shillings for repairs. No! wild horses shall not induce me to advertise the name of the maker; I only note these facts to show that accidents, breakages, and punctures are not the inevitable accompaniments of cycling, and that it is not necessary to have a new machine every year.

Having crossed the Guildford road with a whole skin I found myself in a lane winding through a charming wood. I caught glimpses of shady groves, carpeted with vivid green moss, wherein Titania on moonlight nights might well hold her fairy court. At the end of the lane I turned sharply to the right, passing under a railway arch, on to a thistle-covered common, across which a good road leads to the village of Merrow. At the top of a stiffish incline I suddenly found myself in front of the picturesque Horse and Groom inn, with its three-gabled front and diamond-paned windows. Opposite to the inn is the village church, about which I could find nothing more remarkable than that the borders of the paths in the churchyard were formed of old tombstones. Two hundred yards beyond the church I found that the pedals were so hard to push round that I began to think that the bearings must have become unduly tightened; the fact being, however, that the ascent was much steeper than it appeared to the eye. I was astonished on reaching the open common to find myself on such high ground, not having noticed that from the Guildford road I had been continuously ascending by a series of gentle hills.

At the top of Merrow Down, at the opening of a grassy lane, some good soul has placed a comfortable seat well sheltered from the wind, where one can rest and recover breath and feast one's eyes on the masses of bracken, now changing from green to gold and russet. A hundred yards farther along the road, turning sharply to the right, I found myself at the famous Newland's Corner, and decided at once that it had not been overrated. You are on the brow of a down of respectable dimensions, a Surrey mountain, with a rich rolling woodland country stretching away to the distant hills. To gaze upon such a sunlit scene is to feel what love of country really is, although you cannot define it. In other lands you admire the scenery; in your own land you love it, as though the sense of possession imparted a peculiar felicity. What a world of meaning there is in Touchstone's reference to Audrey,—"An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own." It is worth the climb if only to see St. Martha's Hill with the picturesque pilgrim's church on the summit, and the old pilgrim's road winding in and out among the foliage. Hence came worshippers from as far west as Cornwall on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. It is said that some of the worthy souls mingled business with religion, and brought ingots of tin with them as well as rosaries. Down in the valley below, thrusting its smoky head through the trees, is the shaft of the Chilworth gunpowder-mill which so enraged Cobbett. Unlike most views that are seen from high ground the landscape here does not fade away in the distance, but rises across the valley, hill upon hill, in a semi-circle, like a stupendous amphitheatre. Newland's

Corner is a grassy raised platform, from the centre of which a Gargantuan orator might address an audience of giants seated on the surrounding hills. Round the corner to the left is a clump of shady trees, a capital place for planting the cycle while you explore the hill-top. If you walk a few yards to the north you get a complete change of view,—a great wooded plain stretching far away to the Thames valley; you are on a veritable Pisgah. This is the place to feast on blackberries, which being fully exposed to the sun, are far riper than those in the shaded lanes below; moreover they are too high above the valley for the village children.

The hill down to Albury is justly labelled *dangerous*, but with care you can make your way down it in safety. Woe betide the rider, however, who for an instant loses command of his machine; none but the coolest heads should attempt this long and treacherous slope. All the way down the views are delightful, and almost at the foot I discovered a huge hollow at the road-side under a thick-boughed wide-spreading yew. It was quite a pleasant weather-proof room, which would have delighted Thoreau, who would never have troubled to build his house had he been able to discover such a one as this not made with hands. Although the wind was blowing hard the place was wonderfully free from draughts, a fact doubtless highly appreciated by some recent lodgers who had left the warm ashes of a fire behind them. The only fault that a cyclist could find with it was the rather serious one that the entrance was too small to admit a machine. Here I shared my lunch with a fine old frog, who with a confidence born of gratitude allowed me to look for some minutes at his beautiful eyes. Jefferies declared that any wild thing in the woods and fields will come fearlessly to you if you will only keep perfectly still; but you must not so much as wink your eyelids. Thoreau was remarkably successful in winning the confidence of birds and squirrels, while old George Borrow solemnly avowed, and even put it into print, that he could tame the wildest of wild Irish horses by whispering some mysterious jargon into their ears. These three men were all great lovers of Nature, and studied her mysterious book at first-hand; they loved her better than they loved the towns and congregations of men. Is it possible that some as yet undetected law drew them towards her, and at the same time led her wild children to trust the love and tenderness of these interpreters of the fields and woodlands?

Down a shady lane, and across the road leading to Albury, I found the charming village of Shere, which surely contains some of the prettiest cottages in all Surrey. The gardens were overflowing with the flowers that we have always fondly believed to be the native growth of old England, but which the learned botanists now assure us are quite modern importations. It is too bad to tell us that the wallflower came from Spain, the toad-flax from across the Channel, the sweet-pea from Sicily, mignonette from Egypt, lavender from the shores of the Mediterranean, that the musk has only been in England for seventy years, that the nasturtium came from Peru, the balsam from Asia, and, worst of all, that London Pride is in no sense kin to the city of London, but is so-named after a nurseryman, one Mr. London, who was the first to introduce it. All this confirms me in the opinion I have always held, that botany,—that is, the botany of the text-book and the class-room—is the real dismal science, compared to which political economy is a delirious and intoxicating pastime. Shere

Church and the White Horse Inn you will find in the sketch-book of every artist who has wandered about Surrey, and they are indeed worthy their fame. In the little village street, leading up to the churchyard, I was glad to find the barber's shop adorned with the old-fashioned chirurgeon's pole and dangling brass soap-dish. The church was decorated for harvest-festival with wondrous trophies of vegetables, flowers, and fruit; every pew had its nosegay, and pumpkins and marrows of huge proportions invaded even the pulpit. The fact that the village boys had not yielded to the tempting allurements of the apples and pears, that were lying about as if asking to be eaten, reflects infinite credit on their power of self-control. Have the Board-Schools succeeded in eradicating the love of stolen fruit from the heart of boyhood? 'Tis an ancient vice, for even St. Augustin was sorely troubled when he came to write his Confessions, to find that he had to relate how he pilfered apples from the neighbours' gardens on his way home from school. I had been told to look out for some curious old stained glass in Shere Church, showing the quaint device of one Sir Reginald Bray. There it was, sure enough, in a little window beyond the pulpit; and, craning over a bank of potatoes and cabbages, I was able to discover the initials *R. B.* and a drawing of a queer-looking instrument called a *bray*, used for braying out hemp, in the days when farmers' wives made their own gowns.

Leaving Shere I turned homeward in the direction of Albury, once famous as the dwelling-place of Martin Tupper. The PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY has so long since disappeared even from the bookstalls that it is difficult to realise that forty years ago no American visitor thought of leaving England without paying a pilgrimage to Albury. The book probably had a larger sale than any other issued in the first half of the century; not a drawing-room table but contained a copy in all the glory of calf and gilt edges. And now,—lives there a man under fifty years of age who has read Martin Tupper? I pulled up at the cross-roads before reaching Albury, for I knew that I must be near the Silent Pool, the birthplace of so many legends. In a little dingle opposite to the finger-post I found a highly respectable tramp and his family taking afternoon tea, although it was only half-past two. It was his spectacles and silk hat that gave the man such a superior air,—that is, for a tramp. He and his wife and the four small children were all very dirty, but very happy. Not only had they a plentiful supply of tea and bread and butter, but a goodly pile of water-cress; and it was edifying to see how mighty particular the old gentleman was in securing the proper quantity of salt from the family salt-cellar before he put each spray of cress into his mouth, as if he thoroughly realised the value of chloride of sodium as a digestive agent. I asked him if he knew the road to the Silent Pool, in the hope of having a chat with him; but he was so engrossed at the moment in saving the screw of newspaper containing the salt from a gust of wind, that he could only roll his eyes and jerk his battered hat in the direction of the high hedge at the right-hand side of the road.

Up a rough path and past a lodge, where the keeper insisted on my leaving my machine, I found a remarkable sheet of water almost entirely surrounded by high banks all one mass of lovely foliage. It was indeed like a glimpse of fairy-land, and when I went forward to the innermost part of the pool I felt that the sight of a water-baby on the scene would not

have surprised me. The water is so perfectly clear and transparent that at the depth of three or four feet, and not near the banks only, but in the centre, you can see every pebble, every plant at the bottom of the pool, and watch the fishes swimming about as if in a lake of liquid glass. There is something almost uncanny in this peculiar transparency and stillness; but I am assured by my scientific friends that there is no magic in it, that it is all to be explained by the formation of the banks and the peculiar chemical character of the bed of the pool. The popular explanation is of a very different character; it is a story of unrequited love, a leap from the highest part of the bank, a maiden's body floating in the moonlight, and transparent water undisturbed by a ripple ever since.

A very short distance from the Silent Pool I found the Catholic Apostolic Cathedral, its cold, modern grandeur forming a striking contrast to the quiet simplicity of the ancient village church at Shere. The hard outlines of the cathedral are somewhat relieved by a thick growth of ivy, among which I found many climbing roses. The whole place is a remarkable monument of religious enthusiasm; yet the Irvingites do not appear to increase and multiply, unless it is that they do not proclaim their religious opinions from the housetops. Has anyone ever met a gentleman at dinner, or in an omnibus, tram-car, or train, who declared himself to be a citizen of the New Jerusalem and a worshipper at Albury Cathedral? The village of Albury looks suspiciously like a model village planned and built by a wealthy landlord, its ornamental chimney-pots reminding one of Chenies. The smooth road through the village and on by the side of the river, overshadowed by the splendid timber of Albury Park, gives a few miles of ideal riding. As you approach Chilworth you get a fine view of St. Martha's Hill and Newland's Corner from below, and the riding is good right on to Shalford, the village of latticed windows and quaint frontages.

At Shalford I turned off the Guildford road and made for Godalming, in the face of a strong south-westerly breeze. September was only four days old, and I noted for the first time the falling leaves, signs of the dying summer. Through the familiar streets of Godalming I hurried on to Elstead, for it had suddenly dawned upon me that I was not many miles from Moor Park, which must still be haunted by the ghosts of dear Dorothy Osborn, Sir William Temple, Swift, and Stella. From Elstead the road wound about through lovely woods, and at the top of a steep hill I discovered a grand view of Hindhead across the vale. Then came a timber-lined road right on to the little mill that stands between the entrance of Waverley Abbey and Moor Park. It was to the old house among these giant trees that Sir William Temple, after so many years of patient courtship, brought as his bride the sweet-natured, sensible young lady whom we now know so well. Owing to the happy preservation of Dorothy's charming letters, this young lady of the seventeenth century is brought nearer to us than the women of our own day; we are not so familiar with our own sisters' daily thoughts, feelings, and sympathies as we are with Dorothy's. Sir William had turned his back on politics, and he and Dorothy were an elderly couple leading a quiet life in this Surrey park, amusing themselves with their garden and their books, when the inevitable poor relation made his appearance in the shape of Jonathan Swift, a raw, awkward Irish youth. What else

could the poor young man do? His widowed mother had only an annuity of £20, and he had no means of adding to it. The rich relative took him in, and made him private secretary and keeper of the family accounts, which offices his patron declared that he fulfilled with diligence and honesty.

One would like to believe that the garden of this quaint red-tiled house with the gabled attics, standing by the roadside, was the scene of Swift's first meeting with little Esther Johnson. Dorothy Temple was dead, and her sister-in-law, Lady Giffard, was keeping house for the widower. Her ladyship had a confidential servant, Mrs. Johnson, whose daughter Esther, a girl of thirteen, must often have rambled about these shady walks. Something about the child attracted the private secretary; he set himself the task of educating her, and ended by loving and immortalising her as Stella, the heroine of one of the saddest, strangest love-stories that history has to tell. As I stood on the little white-railed bridge, looking down at the running stream, I thought of Swift's cry of agony as he stood by Stella's death-bed,—"For my small remainder of years I shall be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which could alone make it tolerable!" What this meant, coming from the lips of such a man, we can form but a faint conception. It was here, at Moor Park, that he wrote THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS and the daring TALE OF A TUB; it is good to think that here also he spent perhaps the happiest hours of his stormy life, teaching little Esther Johnson, and moulding the life that was destined to form so great a part of his own.

These grand old oaks and elms, whose shadows fell upon the men and women who live with us again in our beloved books, they are indeed precious links binding us to the great dead who are so often the companions of our firesides. The memories that linger in these leafy paths and stately avenues give the one touch needed to satisfy the heart as Nature satisfies the eyes. I was glad to have seen the old place while it still looked much the same as it must have appeared to the eyes of Dorothy Osborn and Stella, of Sir William and Swift, for standing among the trees is a board with the ominous legend, *This eligible freehold land to be sold or let on lease for building purposes in plots.*

Almost as enjoyable as the day's ride is the quiet hour in the evening spent in recalling the scenes one has passed through. As the sun was setting, I took down the letters of Dorothy Osborn, and read between the lights, and with renewed interest, my favourite passage. How many of the highly educated young ladies of the present day could write to their lovers (if they ever fall in love) so sensibly and so charmingly as this?

There are many of so careless and vain a temper that the least breath of good fortune swells them with so much pride that if they were not put in mind sometimes by a sound cross or two that they are mortal, they would hardly think it possible; and though 'tis a sign of a servile nature when fear produces more of reverence in us than love, yet there is more danger of forgetting oneself in a prosperous fortune than in the contrary, and affliction may be the surest (though not the pleasantest) guide to heaven. Many people fancy a perfect happiness here, but I never heard of anybody that ever had it more than in fancy, so that it will not be strange if you should miss on't. One may be happy to a good degree, I think, in a faithful friend, a moderate fortune, and a retired life; further than this I know nothing to wish; but if there be anything beyond it, I wish it you.

A RHYME OF MAY.

A HEAVENLY evening,—far and near
Stole a charmed land along
The flutter of the waking year,
Faint sweetness, furtive song.

High on the ruddy foreland slept
The last gleam of the day;
The wash of sapphire waters swept
A milky-pebbled bay.

A softened murmur, low and wild,
Rose from the plunging bar
To meet the breath of woods that smiled
Beneath the twilight star.

From moorland ridge, from mountain brake,
Thro' stony gorges steep,
Loud rushed the torrents twain to take
The welcome of the deep.

Hope cleared the note, stretched wide the wing,
And hope made blue the air;
The visions and the dreams, that bring
Light in worn eyes, were there:

Dim blooms that in green ambush wait,
Dumb passion, smothered fire,
The music inarticulate
Veiling a world's desire;

Most golden silence, golden speech,
Powers that in quiet hide,
Love, joy, a beating billow each,
Of being's mighty tide;

Far cries upon the lonely fell,
The wave's, the woodland's lay,—
Anthems inaudible that swell
The lyric heart of May!

CLEVER MICK MORIARTY.

The market was over: pigs, sheep and cattle were being driven away in different directions to an accompaniment of hideous shouts and waving sticks; it was a mystery how the opposing streams of animals disentangled themselves, but either fear or instinct accomplished what seemed to be impossible. It is hardly necessary to say that a good many drivers were drunk; the potency of Mrs. Mulcahy's porter was beyond question; it was said by people of imagination that it would have stood up without the glass.

Carmore is one of the whitest towns in the south of Ireland, where so many towns are white. This does not imply that it is particularly clean, but the prevailing outward shade gives an impression of cleanliness. The market-square blazed under the declining sun; the sound of voices and shuffling feet, of lowing and bleating beasts rose into the still sky, while the old half-ruined castle looked down upon it all placidly from its grey rock. It was a sight of curious, fantastic, almost exalted beauty, dashed with an unconscious squalor that gave a piquant spice of contrast. A group of three men stood talking by Mrs. Mulcahy's door, which sent forth mingled and tempting odours upon the street.

"Tom Condon," said the biggest man of the three, "meanin' you," he tapped Tom on the breast, "so it's you that fancies Kitty More? Bedad, yer taste's beyant quarrel; any man'll say that for yer. Mick here'll say that for yer, Tom."

Mick, a slim, dark, good-looking young fellow, with honest, but rather timid eyes, smiled faintly and apparently with a particular inner enjoyment that shook him down to the waist. He lit a pipe carefully before he spoke. "Shure, Tom's got an eye," he said quietly.

"And I've a mind," said the big man, "to black it for 'um! Kitty More and me's been makin' it up this two months, and the man that says a word agin' her I'll break!"

"And me too!" said Tom.

"And me too!" said Mick.

"'Tis no business o' yours, Mick; 'tis betwixt Tom Condon and me. Tom has a fancy for Kitty, bad 'cess to 'um, and we'll talk it over raisonable-like!"

John O'Dwyer dived into the doorway of many odours, followed by his companions. "Biddy," he called, "some of the ould stuff, God bless it!"

The old stuff was poured from a black bottle and placed before the three men, who drank it without water.

"Shure and this is the thrue dhrink," said O'Dwyer; "'tis like milk; it soothes the timper,—like a woman," he added, contemplatively. "Now thin, Tom Condon," he went on, "is it to marry Kitty More yer afther, or what?"

"To marry her," said Condon, "before Father Rourke, wid ivery convainyence for a good weddin', an' all the frinds there an' the world to look on."

"Ach! be aisy," said John; "the friends 'ull come afther. Ye've a tongue like a sthrame."

"Didn't ye ast me a question?"

"I did."

"And didn't I answer ye?"

"Ye did; but it wasn't how ye'd do it I wanted to know, but whether ye'd do it at all."

"Be still," said Mick, "and talk sinse. What'll Kitty say?—that's the thing." He winked furtively at Mrs. Mulcahy behind the bar. Mrs. Mulcahy returned the wink and poured out more whiskey.

"Thrue for yer," said John; "what'll Kitty say?"

"I'm thinkin'," said Tom, "of askin' her this blessed day."

"The divvle ye are! Well, thin, and I'll do the same, and here's to my own luck, Mister Condon."

"And here's to mine," said Tom.

"And here's to the both of yer," said Mick; "and may Kitty forgive us for playin' like this wid her name!"

They drank, O'Dwyer's queer eyes blinking rapidly in appreciation of the tickling in his throat. "We'll go togither, Tom," he said, "and put it plain and swate to her,—you, Tom Condon, or me, John O'Dwyer. That'll be fair to the girl, and no shame to anyone. And you, Mick," he went on, "can come to see all's square and kape Tom from makin' his long spaches. I'd pity the poor soul 'ud marry him; shure, he'd talk the divvle dumb!"

"As for the talk," said Condon, "'tis you have the gift; and yer father had it before yer."

"He was a good man, God rest him!"

"He was,—barrin' the talk."

"Come," said Mick, "if it's to Ballyhinch we're goin', 'tis time we set out. And lave the dhrink be now,—no more, Biddy; take thim glasses away. Arrah, would ye want to be dhrunk whin ye spake to the girl? Come an, now, while 'tis light." And Mick Moriarty marshalled the friends into the street.

They turned to the left and mounted a slight hill to the barracks, where they turned into the Ballyhinch road. They gave the impression of men bent on serious business, and the nearer they got to Ballyhinch the more serious they became. O'Dwyer's pace slackened: Condon's fell in with his; and the only one who seemed in any hurry was Mick. His backward face, as he turned to urge them on, was gravely earnest; his forward expression was indicative of a budding chuckle, artfully repressed.

"Have ye it all arranged?" he asked.

"What?" said O'Dwyer sharply.

"What ye're goin' to say."

"Av coorse; what 'ud I be comin' for at all if I didn't know that?"

"Well, well," said Mick, "'tis sometimes hard, I'm tould, to manage whin it comes to the question. Ye might feel sthruck like and narvous. Ah, but no doubt ye'll manage well, John; sure ye've had exparïance in thim matters. Who's to ast first?"

The two men stopped dead.

"Begorra," said Condon, "I niver thought o' that."

"Well," said Mick, "ye must fix it up, for two can't spake to onst, and it 'ud be an ugly thing to quarrel before the girl."

"I'll begin," said O'Dwyer.

"No, but I will," said Tom.

"You shall thin, an' that's settled!" Condon repented and looked appealingly to Mick.

"Toss up," said Moriarty, "and him as wins'll spake first. Hurry, now, for there's Father Rourke just come away from the house and Kitty'll be alone." The coin spun and O'Dwyer won; Tom fell back a step with a relieved sigh. The priest paused as the men touched hats. "Boys," he said, "did I see a coin go up?"

"Ye did, Father,—but shure ye wouldn't be too partic'ler about the like o' that," said Mick.

"Who won?"

"I did, sor," said O'Dwyer.

"How much was it?"

"Nothin' at all. 'Twas only for who's to ast a question first, sor."

"Is it a weddin' you're thinking of, boys? Go on then, and settle it. Don't stand there grinning at me, Mick. A wedding, is it? Ah, but that's brave news for a poor priest!" And Father Rourke waved his hand and swung heavily up the road.

The three men approached the house in single file; first came O'Dwyer, then Tom Condon, and last Mick. It was small, but unusually neat; a few new out-buildings, with sound roofs, indicated a certain definite prosperity, and there was a little garden, full of carefully-tended flowers, before the door. John tip-toed up the pathway cautiously and knocked; they all instinctively took off their hats before the door was opened. There was a minute's delay, during which Mick saw the curtain of a side-window move suspiciously and caught a glimpse of a coil of black hair. Then the door opened and Kitty stood before them, flashing welcome from flushed cheeks and white teeth, and drooping demure eyelids over deep blue eyes that seemed always brimmed with laughter. Mick noticed a red rose in her hair that he could have sworn was not there a moment before.

"Ah, an' welcome to ye all!" cried Kitty. "An' has it been a good market to-day, an' did ye see father with the young calves? Come in, do, and sit down. Shure, ye're such big sthrong men the little room'll hardly hould ye and I feel just like a child among ye all. Never mind the work-box, Mister O'Dwyer; I'll pick up the things afther; av coorse ye couldn't know it was there. Don't stand, Mister Condon; take father's chair,—'tis fine and comfortable afther a hard day. An' now what'll ye take to dhrink?"

They took whiskey, all in embarrassed silence; but Kitty was queen in her father's house and chattered on as though the object of the visit had never entered her pretty head. "I hear, there was a noise in Limerick yesterday, Mister O'Dwyer, and you not there! Shure if ye'd have known there'd have been a bigger wan."

"I'm a quiet man now, Kitty," said John.

"Is it say that and you in the biggest row only last week? I heerd ye stood up and sint them flyin' all ways. 'Twas four down at wan time from yer own fist."

"That's the thruth," said O'Dwyer, warming to the recollection. "'Twas afther Sandy's weddin', ye mind, and a rale fine weddin' it was."

"An' would ye do the like o' that at yer own weddin', Mister O'Dwyer?"

"He would," said Tom Condon, with conviction.

"Ach, no! Kape yer tongue still, Tom. 'Twas by way of divarsion, Kitty, and no bad blood in it at all."

"Well, anyway," said Kitty, "there was blood spilled, good or bad."

"'Twas me high sperrits," said O'Dwyer, apologetically.

"Well, well!" laughed Kitty. "An' so yer a quiet man, now? I can't say ye look it, with yer eyes that fierce on Mister Condon! Mister Moriarty, sit down here by me."

Mick obeyed; he thought it was about time for his friends to get to business. "Mister O'Dwyer and Mister Condon have a word to say to ye, Kitty," he said, fixing the two waverers with a stern glance. "'Tis you first, John."

"Me, Mick?" he asked innocently.

"Yes, you, to be shure; didn't ye win the toss?"

"I did, but shure I wouldn't hould to that if Mister Condon has a mind to spake first."

Tom waved his arm threateningly. "Go an!" he said.

O'Dwyer drained his glass and regarded the bottom of it with an apoplectic flush. Then he cleared his throat laboriously three times. "'Tis this way, Kitty," he said. "Me and Tom's frinds; an' bein' frinds, we has tastes in common, so to spake." He paused and rattled his money in his pocket, perhaps to create a good impression, perhaps only to reassure himself. "An' bein' frinds," he repeated——

"Ah, lave the frinds alone, John," interrupted Condon; "spake up, man, an' say what's in yer mind!"

"I apologise for 'um, Miss More," said O'Dwyer, with great dignity; "wan gintleman should know betther than to interrupt another."

"But what's it all about?" cried Kitty, with an appealing glance at Mick.

"It's like this," said O'Dwyer; "bein' frinds, we has tastes in common, and wan o' them tastes is for you."

"For me?" murmured Kitty.

"For you. 'Tis my wish to marry, and to marry you; 'tis Tom's wish,—"

"To marry, and to marry you," broke in Condon, who did not approve of this manner of conducting the affair. "To marry you, Kitty," he added, "before Father Rourke, wid ivery convainyence for a good weddin', an' all our frinds there an' the world to look on."

"I've good land," began O'Dwyer again, "an' a dacent house, and as fine cows, bedad, as iver were milked; an' money in the bank and the best pigs in Tipperary——"

"Barrin' mine," said Tom; "an' ast Father Rourke, for he had a side o' bacon av me last week and it made his mouth water to look at it. 'Tom,' says he, ''tis a pig to be proud of; an' do ye happen to have a few greens I could boil wid it.'"

"Well," said O'Dwyer, "'tisn't the pigs we're askin' Kitty to marry, but ourselves. An' I'll say this,—an' ye'll all know it for thrue,—I'm as tender as a girl whin I'm not roused."

"But maybe 'tis aisy to rouse ye," Tom suggested.

"I'll not deny that; but shure Kitty knows a man widout a timper's no man at all."

"Thrue for ye," said Kitty; "but there's timpers and timpers; wan'll be free wid his fist an' another wid his tongue."

"I'd niver sthrike a woman."

"Sure I'd be butther and honey to ye," said Tom.

There was a long pause, in which the suitors benevolently regarded each other. Kitty glanced at Mick and smiled; Mick shook with his quiet laughter. The little room seemed full of heavy breathing. At last Kitty spoke. "Father Rourke was here this day," she said, "an' I'll not deny he spoke to me about marryin'."

"He was always me good frind," said Tom.

"A fine man, God bless 'um!" murmured O'Dwyer.

"An' I tould him," Kitty continued, "I was too young to be thinkin' av it. 'But no,' says he, ''tis nineteen years since I christened ye, an' that's a good age and a right age,' says he, 'to marry an honest, sober boy.' 'Well,' says I, 'Father, an' who was ye thinkin' av for me?'" Here she paused and blushed, and her blue eyes took a new depth of meaning and colour. "'No,' says he, 'but who was ye thinkin' av for yerself?'"

"Ah!" sighed O'Dwyer.

"The kindness av 'um!" murmured Tom.

"An' what did ye say, Kitty?" asked Mick.

"'Is it me think about the like o' that?' says I. 'Aye,' says he, 'I've known girls think av it and no blame to them.' 'Well, thin,' says I, 'an' I have thought av it, an' many a soft word he's spoke to me. But could I belave 'im, Father?'"

"Ye could," said Tom.

"Ivery word," said O'Dwyer.

"'That 'ud depind,' says he, 'on who it is. An' what's his name?' says he. 'Oh,' says I, 'an' it's Mick Moriarty, an' may God bless 'im an' kape 'im,' says I." And at that Kitty's head went down on to Mick's shoulder and there was the sound of a happy sob.

O'Dwyer and Condon gazed into each other's faces until a broad smile passed between them. Then O'Dwyer hammered on the table with his glass and burst into a roar of laughter. "Well!" he cried, "to think o' Mick playin' aff that thrick on us! Tom, we're bate fair."

"Shure, I didn't know for sartin meself," said Mick; "an' if Kitty had a fancy for either o' ye, well, she must have her chance."

"Ye didn't know, Mick?" Kitty whispered.

"How could I know, asthore?"

"An' me dyin' for ye, Mick!"

"Dyin'! Let me see into yer eyes, Kitty. So that's dyin'? Then I'm dyin' too."

"Ye'll dhrink to our health?" asked Kitty, appealing to the other two.

"Bedad," said Condon, "yes, an' we'll dance at yer weddin'. But ye'd best kape John O'Dwyer away, for he's sthrong wid the fists."

"I'll only use thim," said O'Dwyer, "agin yer inimies."

So they drank the health and then the defeated lovers returned to Carmore arm-in-arm. And as they went they sang melodiously and with the lightest-hearted lilt in the world:

Oh Norah O'Neill she's bruk my heart,
An' Norah O'Neill she's wed;
An' it's Norah O'Neill I'll love, me dears,
Till I'm lyin' could and dead!

C. Kennett Burrows.

THE BASIS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

International Law has been treated on various recent occasions with scant respect in practice; and in the field of theory the fashion seems to have descended from the schools to the streets of denying it the name and force of law altogether. Sometimes it is admitted that it is extremely like law, although not quite the genuine article; sometimes it is airily dismissed as a mere code of voluntary ethics, or as the unauthoritative amusement of professors and theorists. We are told that it has no armed force compelling obedience to its dictates, no tribunal to apply its rules, no legislature to upset them.

It is precisely in the absence of these organs from its system, that the highest interest of International Law consists.

The coercion of an army or a police, the solemn procedure of tribunals, with their unvarying deference to the acts of a legislature, which so impressed the imagination of John Austin, the arbitrary activity of a definite person or chamber,—all are absolutely adventitious adjuncts to the fabric of law. Picturesque at times and useful in their place, they undoubtedly are; but they are not essential to the conception of law, any more than are ermine and sealing-wax, and any attempt to exaggerate their importance can only result in exhibiting them in the light of cumbrous and clumsy excrescences on the essential characteristics of what law is.

Does the army, to begin with, necessarily guarantee the supremacy of law better than the inconvenient old *posse comitatus?* The constitutionalists of two centuries ago, who upheld the idea of conservative legalism, did not think so. There was nothing upon which they looked with so much jealousy as a standing-army. At the present day, it is only by a happy accident, and by that very force of law which it is rashly supposed to provide with a basis, that the army supports the law. It might as easily be used by the executive, or by its commanders, to break it. It may be answered that such a proceeding would only amount to the substitution of a new law for the old, the will of the junta, or of a dictator, for the will of Parliament; but what then of the period of anarchy in the meanwhile? And would a series of such periods conduce to the supremacy of law? A population which habitually obeys Marshal A. this month, which habitually obeyed Marshal B. last month, and Marshal C. last winter, is not governed by law at all. No decree of these ephemeral autocrats can have the general character which is essential to law. It can only command particular acts.

Apart from these considerations, it is only a very shortsighted observer who sees in the violent infliction of harm, in case of non-compliance, the surest means of securing respect for law. Such measures of coercion are useful only at a low stage of civilised development. Even when they are successfully employed, they do not necessarily extend the scope of law; for the cool choice of a certain course of conduct, in view of the probable inconveniences which would attend a

different course, is not submission to law, but the acceptance of a bargain,—a hard bargain, it may be, but essentially, and in the spirit of it, a bargain. So soon as the influence of the threatened evil can be made light of, no more bargains of that kind will be possible. Anyone who can laugh at the evil, or call it good, is exempt from the law, if its range rests on no surer basis than this. An entire nation might conceivably regard with complacency exclusion from official receptions; still its people would consider that disregard of an enactment sanctioned by that penalty was breaking the law.

In short, physical force is a mere adjunct to law, not generally necessary, not always adequate, and frequently dangerous. The error involved in the opposite view is of a precisely similar cast to that which induced an early school of economists to regard the precious metals as the essentials of wealth. Both are the childish generalisations of immature science. These considerations show the fallacy which is involved in a very common heresy. It is easy, and not unfashionable, to say that might is right, and that a State will do precisely what it is strong enough to do, without regard to law. If this were as true as it is demonstrably false, it would be beside the point. There is all the difference in the world between doing as we choose in a spirit of lawlessness, and doing as we choose within the limits assigned by law. Law is not an ineluctable determinant of human conduct; it is not even the principal factor in determining it. Municipal law itself is constantly and systematically violated by the average citizen. And a rule which can by no possibility be infringed is not a law at all, but a scientific fact. We do not ask of law that it should absolutely suppress all action which is opposed to its dictates: its function is performed when it imposes a definite and powerful check upon any such action; more we cannot require of it.

Admitting that International Law is not observed so strictly as it ought to be, and that its obligations sit somewhat lightly on the conscience of modern politicians, is that any reason for decrying it? No invocation of physical force will, in the long run, supply the want of a law-abiding spirit. Surely the object of those who are struck by the frequent infringements of International Law which occur, should be not, by disparaging its authority, to weaken it still further, not to attempt to abandon it for the chimerical dream of a universal Empire, but to do their utmost to foster a spirit of cordial loyalty to its provisions.

One might, indeed, infer from the language which is sometimes used on this subject, that, (as nobody can seriously desire International Anarchy), the real wish of those who treat the Law of Nations lightly is for the establishment of a World-Empire. This is not the place to examine the merits and defects of such a system; but have we made up our minds to this astonishing revolution? Are there no difficulties in the way? How many months, during which we may safely do without a Law of Nations, are to elapse before France and Germany consent to be components of one Imperial Federation? Is it quite certain that if International Law is discredited now, we shall not need its help, before the Powers will be ready to replace the *bâtons* of their marshals by those of the Universal Constabulary? Surely, to diminish the authority of an existing law by slighting allusions to it, made through admiration of an alternative system which is entirely specu-

lative and unpractical, is a course leading directly to anarchy.

As to the establishment of a central tribunal, it can with confidence be predicted that such a step would inevitably destroy the elasticity of International Law, and would envelope its professors at once in the meshes of quibbling technicalities. The bad law of first-rate text-writers does not live long after them; the bad law of indifferent judges is not always easy to inter. Even in countries where judicial decisions have not the force of law, the *jurisprudence de la cour*, or trend of its opinions, cannot but have a predominant authority; just as the practice of juries (who are supposed to have nothing to do with making or declaring the law) has in the United Kingdom. It is its fatal devotion to decided cases that has caused English law to resemble a heap of isolated sticks rather than a living and growing plant, and has made its name an accepted synonym for aridity. Precedents, right in themselves for the time of their enunciation, have been applied to the circumstances of a new century, apparently without the shadow of a suspicion of anything unsound in the process. Precedents have been gathered from cases, and broadly enunciated as general rules, when the decision really turned on some unnoticed factor, perhaps not even consciously appreciated by the judge. Precedents have been laid down, and followed, on the authority of judicial persons of little repute as lawyers. Thus no important business, of however simple a character, can now be transacted without the employment of a technical jargon which, we are complacently assured, has stood the test of judicial criticism. No layman can hope to manipulate its intricacies, and even the lawyer may be appalled when he picks his cautious way through the mysterious machinery, knowing that by the turn of a lever, or the pressure of an innocent-looking button, he may set in motion its ponderous cylinders and inexorable shafting.

Again, judicial decisions are given in the stress and rush of business; an International Court which was not well occupied with work would soon be declared to be not worth its cost. Yet incomparably the best judgments are those which have been prepared at leisure, and with the opportunity of considering the point at issue in its broadest aspects, and in its relations with the rest of the sphere of law. The time spent by Eldon before giving his judgments, and the few cases annually dealt with by the House of Lords, are alike the subjects of popular animadversion; yet what judicial utterances have been so satisfactory?

Most unfortunate of all, there inevitably arises a certain esoteric canon of selection, according to which precedents are sometimes deprived of their presumed authority. To borrow Sir Charles Darling's piquant language, —"The judges themselves will in dealing with a reported case frequently say, 'Ah, I happen to know that my learned brother lived to repent of that judgment; it does not express his later views;' or 'My brother was hardly orthodox in railway cases.' . . . . Anyone who will may satisfy himself, by taking down any volume of reports, old or new, that any given judge will run in a particular direction if he fairly can."[1] And there are well-recognised ways of dispensing with the strict application of precedents the authority of which is undoubted. Would, for instance, the case of Madrazo *v.* Willes secure damages for a private person injured by a naval officer in the *bonâ fide* discharge of Governmental orders,—say,

[1] Scintillæ Juris, p. 22; fifth ed.

the prohibition of landing arms in the Persian Gulf? Or would some rusty theory of Admiralty jurisdiction, or the law of treason, be invoked to distinguish the case? So, in a recent case, it was seriously argued that the principle of adherence to precedent was "a figure of speech."[1]

This theoretical supremacy of precedent, combined with the actual paramount necessity of watching the tendencies of the courts, makes it ten times as difficult to predict the result of any given case as it would be if precedent were discarded and the current views of the courts alone recognised as authoritative. Then, at least, we should know our position. Then, the current of judicial opinion would be diligently ascertained, and published, instead of being a matter only to be delicately alluded to in legal treatises. Its operation would be freed from the caprices and irregularities which characterise an unrecognised institution. In short, for a dead system of legal rules, modified by arbitrary and uncertain forces, we should have an elastic science of law. To some such end the overwhelming multiplication of decided cases seems to be slowly urging the juristic system of England; and in the lap of that unique body in the world's history, the Bench of Judges, we may well be content to leave it. But no admirer of International Law would care to see its rules at the mercy of a small party of State-elected jurists.

As an indirect legislature (which it could not but resemble) a Central Court would do infinite damage to the free and scientific character of International Law. As a mere appliance for discovering facts, it would be unnecessary and inappropriate.

It is impossible to cross-examine a sovereign State, or properly to sift matters of high politics in the atmosphere of a court composed of simple jurists, subjects themselves of some government or another. That theorist had a true inspiration who proposed that such a tribunal should be released from all allegiance. But, even if this could be practically carried out (and it does not seem a particularly hopeful suggestion), the atmosphere of a court, governed by the forensic traditions of Municipal Law, is not suited for the discussion of affairs of State.

The ordinary objections to arbitration need not here be discussed. They have been the subject of recent and full comment in various quarters. But a permanent court of reference would embody and stereotype the worst features of the practice. Arbitration by special agreement may be admirable; forced arbitration, before a fixed tribunal, must be detestable.

An international legislature, again, is not to be desired in the interest of International Law. Apart from the loss of elasticity and freedom which would result from the establishment of such a chamber, there is the further danger that any body of so exalted a nature would be extremely difficult to keep in its proper place. Just as a suzerain, or protecting State, is subject to great temptations to consider the limited sovereignty of the vassal nation as a thing which is altogether dependent on its suzerain's own good pleasure (and so to have no real existence at all), so the International Senate would hardly be restrained from interfering, upon occasion, with the internal affairs of the States for which it had the power to make rules. And this would be the substitution of a World Empire for a community of Nations.

Legislatures, moreover, are on their trial. The simple system (not too simple, it seems, in the Southern

[1] Law Reports (1896), ii., Chancery, p. 796.

States, and elsewhere) of counting heads in order to select their members, is slipping into the abyss of hopeless discredit. The very accumulation of statutory rules (mostly obsolete) is beginning to be felt, in the sphere of Municipal Law, an intolerable nuisance. It is not a time to insist upon the importance and vital necessity of legislatures to a well-developed system of law, when their composition is universally ridiculed and their work regarded with contemptuous impatience. Nothing less in consonance with the profound organic spirit of International Law can be imagined than the trite and crabbed technicalities of a draftsman's statute. If the Declaration of Paris or the terms of the Treaty of Washington had been embodied in an act of legislature (as they have, both, unfortunately, been embodied in conventional stipulations), the discussions which have not failed to arise as to what is "privateering," and what "due diligence," would have taken a far more serious and embittered form than was actually the case when these points arose, not on the construction of a binding rule formulated by external authority, but simply on that of a mutual engagement. Legislative decrees are clumsy (if sometimes necessary) accessories to law; no more, far less than courts and armies, are they of its essence.

Opinion is stronger than armies, stronger than courts; legislatures are its playthings. International Law shows it in its most imposing operation, untrammelled by the paraphernalia, which Municipal Law is, through its weakness, forced to employ, of displaying the mysterious power of pure law, not on the trivial scale of the family or in the dim theatre of tribal custom, but on the majestic stage of the World of Nations.

THOMAS BATY.

THE SHEPHERDS OF OLYMPUS.

Some six hundred and fifty years ago a Turkish chieftain, at the head of a little band of horsemen, drove his flock southward from the mountains of Khorasan in search of fresh pasture beyond the reach of the Mongol hordes which swept in repeated waves over northern and central Asia. After lingering for a while on the banks of the Euphrates, the wanderers turned their faces towards Anatolia. Debouching one morning from a mountain gorge they descried in the plain below a cloud of dust, horses galloping to and fro, swords and spears gleaming. With the true nomad love of a fray they spurred into the thick of the fight, and their four hundred lances turned the fortune of the day in favour of the weaker side. Not till after the battle was over did the victors and their unexpected allies discover their kinsmanship.

Such was the battle of Angora. The victor was Kay Kubad, the Seljuk Sultan of Iconium; the nomad chieftain was Ertoghrul, the forefather of the Ottoman Empire.

As a reward for their prowess the new-comers received gifts of pasture-lands on the banks of the Sakaria and the little town of Sugut was assigned to them for their capital. Here, after many another hard-fought fight, Ertoghrul died and was buried; and his tomb, overshadowed by the willows which give their name to the place, is still an object of pilgrimage to pious Turks. He lived long enough to see his son Othman in a fair way to realise a dream of unbounded ambition.

Thirty-three sultans of Ertoghrul's line have held sway with varying fortunes over Othman's empire. The thirty-fourth sits in his palace of Yildiz, alternately cajoling and cajoled by the Great Powers, haunted day and night by the fear that his empire is at an end and his capital in the hands of the Giaour. Perhaps, like the Caliph's favourite in the old Persian tale, Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid treasures somewhere a shepherd's cloak and crook and would gladly exchange the intrigues of Stamboul for the free life of his shepherd ancestors. If so he keeps his secret well. Master of numerous *chiftliks*, or farms, both in Europe and Asia, he never goes near any of them, never indeed goes anywhere beyond the immediate vicinity of Yildiz, except once in the year when, behind a triple row of soldiers and policemen, he ventures as far as the old Seraï in Stamboul to kiss the mantle of the Prophet.

Of the Imperial farms one of the most important is Myhalitch close to Brussa. Tradition says that the flocks of sheep attached to this farm are the descendants of those which Ertoghrul brought with him from central Asia. Every year, when the grass in the plains of Brussa begins to fail, these flocks are driven up the slopes of Mount Olympus. For days the streets of Brussa are blocked with a continuous stream of sheep, and the air is filled with their bleatings and with the cries of their Albanian drivers.

Let us follow them and see something of pastoral life in the uplands. The grand panorama of the snowy peaks of Olympus that bursts on the traveller's eye as, sailing from Con-

stantinople, he doubles the promontory of Boz Burnou and enters the gulf of Mudania, grows less and less impressive as he crosses the great green plain of Brussa. From Brussa itself, lying, as it does, right at the foot and on the spurs of the mountain, the crown of Olympus is masked by the lower heights which rise abruptly behind the town, clothed with a thick growth of brilliant green vegetation, varied here and there by a mass of grey boulders or the deep blue shadow of a ravine.

Numerous paths lead up these lower heights, all converging at the first plateau. That most usually followed runs from the eastern extremity of Brussa past the kiosque of Yildiz, built by Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz who used frequently to visit the ancient capital, being as fond of movement as Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid is of seclusion.

The mountain-side is covered with a thick undergrowth of hazel and oak with an occasional clump of chestnut or walnut trees. Here and there in a clearing an attempt has been made to grow corn, but soon all signs of cultivation cease. A wealth of wild-flowers stars the ground, cistus and dog-roses being the most profuse; in some places a sharp eye may detect the tea-plant. Every now and again we meet a string of donkeys trailing loads of planks or charcoal. Their drivers, most of whom are Turkish refugees from Roumania or Bulgaria, are eminently picturesque in their ragged brown homespun jackets, loose trousers and broad scarlet waist-bands; but not all of them are very canny-looking folk. Some of their hang-dog faces indeed might serve to give countenance to the extravagant tales of the dangers of Olympus, which the inhabitants of Brussa pour into the traveller's ear. Turkey, however, is the last country in the world where one should judge by appearances; a man with a physiognomy which elsewhere would stamp him a blackguard often turns out the mildest and kindest of mortals.

The path continues to wind up the mountain-side, growing rougher and steeper at every turn. A halt at a spring, to water and rest the mules, gives us an opportunity of enjoying the view on which we have been turning our backs. Faintly outlined on the horizon are the Gulf of Mudania and the promontory of Boz Burnou; in the middle distance rises a range of low hills; and nearer us stretches the plain of Brussa, looking with its checkered vegetation like a tartan plaid. Sheer down below lies Brussa itself, a long streak of red roofs, white minarets, and domes. To Brussa and the plain we may bid good-bye for, as we resume the ascent, we turn suddenly into a ravine and lose sight of the lowlands. Here and there a few sparse firs, stunted at first, but soon growing large, warn us that we are in a higher zone. An eagle sails circling down; a cool breeze tempers the scorching heat of the sun. Presently we emerge on to a plateau strewn with huge grey boulders and carpeted with a thick low growth of juniper. Then the ground rises again, and after passing through another belt of firs we reach a little lake marking the beginning of the second plateau.

Here we get our first glimpse of the dun, snow-flecked summit of the mountain rising from behind long low ridges fringed with firs. In some places fires have played havoc among these firs, and left belts of silvery skeleton-trees which give a singularly wild aspect to this part of the mountain. Soon we reach the pasture-lands, undulating hillocks carpeted with soft fragrant turf, dotted with round patches of juniper, the dark grey-green tones of which contrast sharply with the bright yellow

spikes of mullen which grows here in profusion. On the tops of many of these hillocks rise cairn-like heaps of grey boulders worn into fantastic forms by rain and snow.

The plaintive notes of a shepherd's pipe, the piper all unseen, float on the evening air proclaiming that we are nearly at the end of our ride. Half a hour afterwards in the deepening twilight we reach our destination, Qerq-bunâr, the place of the forty springs. The name is no misnomer, for from every side snow-fed rills come trickling down to empty themselves into a brook, the music of whose waters sounds doubly sweet in the ears of men coming from the heat of Brussa in July. It is on this brook that the shepherds have made their principal settlement; two big huts with low walls of rough stones and high-pitched timber roofs, an open shed or arbour made of four poles roofed with some boughs and planks, and a large sheep-pen.

All these, however, are details to be discovered in the morning. For the present our six hours' ride makes us glad to stretch tired limbs. Our arrival is expected and we meet with a warm welcome, for we come under the protection of an obliging Armenian gentleman, the inspector of the Sultan's farms in the *vilayat* of Brussa, and have thus been able to elude the vigilance of the Vali and the nuisance of an escort.

The bigger of the two huts has been prepared for us, the floor of beaten earth well swept and strewn at one end with fresh-cut bracken. A log-fire crackles on the hearth in the centre, sending up a column of smoke which finds its way out somehow through the many chinks and holes in the planks of the roof. Our beasts are unloaded, carpets and quilts spread, provisions unpacked, saddlebags stuffed with fragrant herbs for pillows. While our meat, cut up and spitted on a sharp piece of wood, is being roasted, we sip the inevitable coffee, the cup of welcome, and may examine by the light of the fire and of a primitive oil-lamp the faces of our hosts.

The Albanian type varies greatly. The black-bearded face of the chief shepherd with its prominent nose and thick lips is decidedly Asiatic, while the fair, blue-eyed, freckled youth, who bends over the fire making the coffee, might be a Yorkshire lad. They are simple, rough fellows, these Albanian shepherds, loving their sheep with an almost motherly love and reputed throughout Turkey for their skill in rearing them. They are all Moslems and nearly all hail from upper Albania. Driven from their native land by the pinch of poverty to seek work in other parts of Turkey, they often remain absent four or five years, in many cases leaving behind them wife and children. Notwithstanding these long absences, cases of conjugal infidelity, with the terrible *vendetta* which it entails, are rare, so at least our Armenian friend, who knows a good deal about Albania and the Albanians, informs us.

Our *kabob* is by this time ready. It is flanked by a big dish of *yaourt*, a kind of sour buttermilk, dear to the heart of the Turk. To wash it down there is ice-cold water from the brook. The Albanian Moslem is generally strict in his avoidance of spirituous liquor, and looks with no small contempt on the *raki*-drinking Turk. Then come more coffee and many questions about sheep and grass, conversation being carried on in Turkish, of which language most of the shepherds have a certain knowledge, the head-man even adding a little Greek. Our heads, however, are nodding and our eyes half closed. Let us turn in, or, better still, turn out, spread

carpets and coverlets, and saddle-bags in the open, or under the shelter of the arbour. There is little need of the trickling waters of the brook to sing us lullaby; our slumber is likely to be sound. If the moon, peeping through the boughs overhead, or a touch of cold in the small hours of the morning waken us, it will be to see all around us the forms of sleeping shepherds wrapped in their hooded sheepskin cloaks with a couple of stones for a pillow, in the background pastures and mountains shimmering in the moonlight. Were the heavens to open and the angel of the Lord to appear singing *Glory in the highest*, we should scarcely find it strange.

Dawn wakes the sleepers. One by one they rise, shake off their sheepskins, perform their ablutions at the brook, and say their prayers among the tall thistles which fringe its banks. Inside the hut a shepherd is making bread. First he kneads the flour on a sheepskin spread on the ground (everything here is sheep); then he puts the dough into a flat tin pan which is placed on hot embers; the cover, previously heated, is then put on the pan and a few embers scattered on the top. The outcome of this operation is a flat cake about two feet in diameter of brown bread somewhat tough to Western ideas and, when not quite fresh, a little doughy, but infinitely superior to what you may find in the mountain villages of Spain and Italy. The amount of this bread which a shepherd can consume at a sitting is truly prodigious. The dogs get a loaf apiece every morning.

While we watch the bread-making and wait for our coffee, we may examine the hut. It consists of four walls of rough stones and earth carried to a height of about four feet with a sloping roof of beams, and planks showing many a gap and hole. Over the hearth in the middle hangs from a beam an iron chain for the cauldron; in one corner stand some sacks of flour and chests of provisions. A low wooden table, hung up on the wall when not in use for meals, a basket of wooden spoons, with a few pots and pans complete the furniture. On the other side of the brook is just such another hut, only divided into two parts, the first for making cheese, the second for the dairymen. Every year these huts are dismantled; the stone walls are left to be buried under the snow, while the timber is taken down to Brussa and sold.

The colony, which we found at Qerq-bunâr, consisted, all told, of twelve men and boys, four dogs, two goats, a grey kitten, half-a-dozen horses and donkeys to fetch and carry wood and cheese, and two flocks of sheep numbering some fifteen thousand head. These flocks pasture and sleep on the neighbouring slopes and dales. Twice a-day, once about ten in the morning and again about four in the afternoon, they are driven into the big stone pen to be milked. It is a wonderful sight to see the long fleecy line come wavering down the hill side, a shepherd in front piping or whistling, one behind urging on the laggers with his wooden crook and cries of *tir-r-ré, tir-r-ré!*

They are picturesque figures, these shepherds, in their brown or white homespun garments, a jacket (*caparona*) with a broad collar, convertible into a hood, and short sleeves, a braided vest, a voluminous sash, stuffed with a knife or two, a cumbrous flint-lock pistol, tinder-box, tobacco-pouch, etc., wide trousers, goatskin sandals or mocassins (*openga*). No less picturesque are the dogs, huge long-haired creatures with fleecy tails, who sleep or lounge about lazily during the day and, if they do accompany the flock, make no attempt to drive it, their work being all at night,

when they have to keep watch against wolves and thieves. By a custom general throughout Turkey these dogs have an ear cut short to oblige them, if they sleep, to do so with one ear open.

The flocks trot over the bridge of stones which spans the brook and up into the pen. In the milking-shed at one end of this eight shepherds await them. Four openings in the wall allow the sheep to pass from the pen to the shed. Each sheep as it passes is seized and milked, the passage of the next being barred by two stout knees. Occasionally a sheep does manage to slip unmilked through the shepherds' hands, only to be caught and ignominiously dragged back by the tail.

The operation of milking lasts about two hours. The milk is then poured into a big wooden vat, three or four ladle fulls of rennet being added. It is covered with a flannel blanket and left to turn into a white creamy cheese, which it does in about an hour; with the liquid remaining a kind of curded milk, called *laure*, is made. The cheese is put into a linen wrapping, wrung out, and hung up to dry till next morning, when it is taken down by horse to Brussa. A small portion of the milk is put aside to be churned into *yaourt* for the shepherd's use. *Yaourt* and bread form the shepherd's staple food, but now and again he varies it with trout from the neighbouring brooks, a kind of sweet paste (*helva*) of flour, sugar and butter, or *flee*, a cake of half-baked pastry requiring a good deal of time and patience in its preparation.

After the midday meal the shepherds lounge about or sleep under the arbour. From what I have seen of the Albanian on this and other occasions, I am inclined to think that his sleeping-powers surpass those of any other nation. He is quite callous as to comfort, and will curl himself up anywhere, anyhow, and fall asleep. Life, however, is not all *siesta*. Besides tending the sheep the shepherd has plenty to do; dependent entirely on himself, he must turn his hand to everything. Clothes have to be repaired or new ones made, and the shepherd is as deft as a sailor in handling a needle. Sandals will not last more than a month on the rough mountain paths, though they may go two on the plains. With a sharp knife, a pointed stick, a piece of goatskin and some string, a shepherd will turn out, in a couple of hours, footgear infinitely more comfortable and more hygienic than our cramping boots. Wood has to be fetched from a neighbouring valley, for just round the settlement there is not a single tree.

Thus the hours pass till the tinkling of bells and the reappearance of the white dots on the mountain-side tell that it is again milking-time. This process over, the different flocks, each under the care of two shepherds, are driven off again to neighbouring valleys for the night.

The sun is now sinking westward, soon to be lost behind a projecting spur of the mountain. Of sunset and of sunrise Qerq-bunâr, lying as it does in a hollow, knows nothing, save a streak of golden light on the crags above in the morning and a great scarlet flush all over the mountain-side at evening. At night-fall the hearth is piled high with logs, for the air after the heat of the day feels keen. By the light of the flickering flames the shepherds eat their supper. Then follows for an hour or two the enjoyment of *kief* (the sense of having nothing to do) and cigarettes, to which the head-men add the luxury of coffee. Sometimes these somnolent evenings are enlivened by a little music. A pair of long flutes (*kavâl*) is produced,

and the two most proficient performers, —every one can play a little—settle down on their knees to a series of duets, plaintive Albanian melodies varied now and then by a sprightlier Bulgarian air. The audience, perhaps transported in fancy to far distant hill-sides, listens dreamily and in silence, not even applauding. Thus the morning and the evening make up the shepherd's day.

Sometimes the monotony of existence is broken by the arrival of a visitor from some other sheep-fold, for Qerq-bunâr is only one of many settlements with which the mountain-side is dotted. The majority of these settlements lie on the wooded slopes of the southern side of Olympus and are even more beautiful than Qerq-bunâr. Such visitors generally bring some small offering, and it is needless to say they are well received. Hospitality is the particular virtue, as it is the pride, of the Albanian; be his stay short or long, the guest will always be given the best cup of coffee, the first place by the fire, and the choicest bits at meals.

Now and again a shepherd goes down to Brussa and returns with a small stock of luxuries, and maybe a letter for one of his comrades. Such letters, if the head-shepherd, the only man in the camp who can read or write, happen to be away, are often kept for days, sometimes for weeks, treasured in a jacket-pocket to be pulled out and fingered at odd moments, thrust at night under the sleeper's head to be dreamed of, till some one comes who can spell out their contents.

Thus pass the long summer months. By the end of August the pasture is well nigh exhausted, nibbled up by the sheep or scorched by the fierce sun. The yield of milk is less by half than in June, and the milking only takes place once a day. The mornings and evenings are fresh, the nights cold. The shepherds no longer sleep in the open but huddle together in the hut where a fire is kept up all night. There is talk, and sometimes something more than talk, of wolves. At nightfall the sheep, instead of being driven off in separate flocks to the neighbouring valleys, are all brought up to head-quarters. Here in the open a watch-fire blazes all night, and shots are fired from time to time to scare away wild beasts or marauders.

Early in September the descent begins. From all sides woolly streams pour down the mountain towards the plain. The streets of Brussa once more resound with bleatings and Albanian cries as sheep and shepherds pass to their winter-quarters at Myhalitch.

A NEW EDITION OF DON QUIXOTE.[1]

Consonancia en cristal de vino añejo, the harmony of old wine in crystal, is the genial comparison which Lope de Vega in one of his plays finds for the melody of his heroine's voice. We do not stretch the meaning too severely when we apply the words to the presentation of the old wine of literature in fine book-form; it may at any rate pass when used of a new and handsome reprint of DON QUIXOTE. This edition of the Spanish text, which has been prepared by the late Mr. Ormsby, and by Mr. James Fitz-Maurice Kelly, has been printed by Messrs. Constable of Edinburgh in a fashion worthy of their artistic press. The massive letters of the headline may not be to all tastes; they certainly are not quite to mine, for though handsome in themselves they have a tendency to distract the eye as one reads, towering, as it were, over the page, till one is set thinking, by the black and bulky letters forming the name, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, of the giants, and dragons for whom the flower of Manchegan chivalry was for ever on the look-out. The volume is large and therefore cannot well be light, but it is not excessive either in bulk or weight; and there is a pleasant, and appropriate, archaic air about the tone of the paper, the type, and the side-notes. It is also no small addition to its merits that, though most acceptable in its present red casing, stamped on the side (with more artistic effect than heraldic precision) with the arms of the Catholic Kings surrounded by the collar of the Golden Fleece, one sees that the volume will bind admirably. Only the First Part is now published, but the Second will follow in due course; and then all who read DON QUIXOTE in the original can possess him in a form bearing an agreeable, but not too close, resemblance to his well-beloved folio tales of Chivalry.

If the volume were only a handsome reprint of the common text (that of the Spanish Academy) there would be nothing more to be said. But it is much more than this; it undertakes to give us for the first time a really good text of the masterpiece of Spanish literature. When we remember how often the adventure has been attempted before, since Pineda corrected the proofs for Tonson's edition of 1738, there appears to be something extraordinary in the notion that it remained to be achieved by two Englishmen at the end of the nineteenth century. Tonson's edition (which ought to be called Carteret's, for it owed its existence not to the enterprise of the publisher, but to the wish of the minister to please Queen Caroline,) set the example to the Spaniards, who in the decadence at the end of the seventeenth century had neglected their own literature. Since then, however, Clemencin, Pellicer, and the Spanish Academy have prepared editions, and a new (and, by all accounts, a very indifferent) one was produced so late as 1863 by Don J. E. Hartzenbusch. Yet Mr. Ormsby and Mr. Kelly were well entitled to be-

[1] DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA; the First Edition of the text restored, with Notes and an Introduction by James Fitz-Maurice Kelly, corresponding member of the Spanish Royal Academy, and John Ormsby. London, 1898.

lieve that it was left for them to complete the task which Carteret caused to be begun. This, by the way, seems as appropriate a place as another to explain that Mr. Ormsby, who was well known as a translator of The Poem of the Cid, and of Don Quixote, only lived to assist in the revision of the text so far as the twenty-fifth chapter; the rest is the work of Mr. Kelly alone. Both names are signed to the introduction; but it may be presumed to be written by the survivor who has added his late colleague's from a respectable motive.

The history of the text of the First Part of Don Quixote is full of warnings for the commentator. The manuscript was sold by Cervantes to Francisco de Robles at some time in 1604. It must have been already well known. Lope de Vega, writing to his Patron the Duke of Sessa, before the book appeared, speaks of it as familiar to many readers. The reference is ill-natured, for the judgment of Gil Blas on the vanity and quarrelsomeness of authors has had but too much foundation at all times; and there was a feud between the dramatist and the novelist over which biographers have in their turn fought. It is mentioned in the Pícara Justina (a work of slightly earlier date) as famous. Lope's tone shows that it was not highly esteemed by the prevailing literary cliques of the Court, and this may have caused Francisco de Robles to take less interest in his venture. He secured his *privilegio* (which may be translated as copyright) for Castile only. Spain was still a confederation of States under the same King. The Crown of Castile, the Little Crown (*coronilla*) of Aragon, which included Catalonia, Valencia, and the Balearic Isles, and the annexed Kingdom of Portugal, had their home-rule, and a *privilegio* taken for one only would be of no value for the others. The date of the *tasa* is December 20th, 1604; the *tasa* was an official decree fixing the price of any article after the fashion of our old "assize of bread and ale."

The book appeared very early in 1605, and then occurred the first of the oddities of its history. On February 9th of that year Francisco de Robles took out a *privilegio* for Aragon and Portugal, and prepared a second edition in haste. Mr. Kelly accounts for this by saying that the book became the quarry of competing publishers; but the interval between the publication of Don Quixote, and the issue of the *privilegio* can hardly have been a month. We may be very sure too that the official forms and delays, which neither were, nor are, less prolonged in Spain than elsewhere, put an interval of several days between the application and the issue. This leaves a very brief space indeed in which the fame of the book could spread all over Spain and Portugal sufficiently to stimulate the cupidity of the piratical bookseller. Besides, the reference to Don Quixote in the Pícara Justina shows that it was famous while in manuscript. One might suppose that it was the earlier and, so to speak, private reputation which stimulated Robles, if this did not at once present us with another puzzle; namely, why on that supposition did he not secure publishing rights for Aragon and Portugal, when he took out the *privilegio* for Castile in September, 1604? There is a mystery here which cannot be solved by known evidence. In regard to the bibliographical disputes it is often well to remember the three topics for reflection laid before the students of the English College in foreign parts on St. George's Day: "You will consider first that we know very little about St. George; next you will remember that the

little we do know is very uncertain; and finally bear in mind that we shall never know any more."

Be the cause of Robles's action what it may, a second edition was prepared on the very heels of the first. The first had been small and ill-printed, full of the modern equivalent for what the King of the Visigoths called the *putredines scribarum*, which are printers' errors; it had also been marked by some curious omissions. The second was much larger; it professes to correct the printers' errors, but does not keep its word, and contains two new passages, one in the twenty-third, the other in the thirtieth chapter. Over these additions much ink has been, and probably will continue to be, spilt. Leaving them aside for the present, one may go on with the history of the early editions. The copyright which Robles secured for Aragon and Portugal did not prevent the appearance of editions both at Lisbon and Valencia in 1605. It was reprinted at Brussels in 1607, and Mr. Kelly seems to have proved elsewhere that Shelton made the first English translation from this edition. In 1608 a third edition was published in Madrid by Robles, which follows the second, but contains changes of its own in the text. From this second and third of Madrid, all the later editions descend; the earlier Tonson's, Bowle's, the first three editions (1780, 1782, and 1787) of the Spanish Academy, and others of less reputation coming directly from the second; Pellicer, Clemencin, the Academy in its fourth edition of 1819, and again some others, have preferred to take the third.

It is the contention of Mr. Ormsby and Mr. Kelly that their predecessors have all taken the wrong basis for their text. In some cases the error has been involuntary. The first edition was small, and fell into obscurity; Bowle had, for instance, never seen a copy of it, though he knew of its existence; the Academy had not even that knowledge when it published its first edition of 1780. This being so, it was natural that the second edition should be taken as the model. In later times, when the truth was known, the mistake came, they say, by a sheer error of judgment. Moreover they contend that not a little pedantry and want of humour has been shown by editors both in their own emendations, and those they have accepted from their predecessors. They, for their part, maintain that the true basis is the first edition, and that in order to secure a good text it is necessary to take it, to correct only manifest printers' errors, to reject the new passages inserted in the second, and to admit "no conjectural emendation where there is a possibility that the original may represent the author," though they find places for all variants in their footnotes. There can be no quarrel with the orthodoxy of their summary of the editor's duties; but then everything depends on the accuracy of the view they take of what was the original, and what is conjectural emendation. It is obvious that if Cervantes revised the proofs of the second edition of 1605, and the third of 1608, then the first is not the original of DON QUIXOTE; Cervantes must himself have been responsible for the changes, and whether we consider them for the better or worse, they are to be accepted as his. Navarrete persuaded himself that Cervantes did revise the edition of 1608, and it has often been taken for granted that he corrected both this, and the second, as modern usage makes it natural to suppose that he did. But probabilities, external evidence, and internal evidence combine to make it as certain

as well can be that this is a mistake.

It was not usual in Spain that an author who had once parted with his copy to a publisher should have any further control over the fate of the manuscript. When he was a popular man the publisher would naturally be unwilling to offend him, but in most cases the purchaser dealt much as he pleased with what he had bought. Now Cervantes was but little known in 1605, and it is unlikely that Robles, having acquired all rights in the manuscript of DON QUIXOTE for ten years, would think it necessary to consult him, even if he had been in Madrid. But it is known that in this year he was in Valladolid in very distressed circumstances. The two towns were then at four days' journey from one another, and it is in the last degree improbable that Robles put himself to the serious inconvenience and expense of forwarding proofs, contrary to the usual custom. Whether Cervantes was in Madrid at any time in 1608 has been a debated point; the evidence is that he was not. It is known that he was summoned at the very close of the year to give reason why he did not discharge the remains of a small debt he owed the Crown, and that he is not described in that document as a resident in Madrid. Probability and external evidence, therefore, alike go to show that he did not revise either the edition of 1605 or that of 1608. Internal evidence points in the same direction. Several of the changes made in the second edition are inept, and the confusion is worse confounded in the third. Mr. Kelly quotes several convincing examples in his introduction. The way in which the words of the Bachelor Antonio Lopez, which are only misplaced in the first edition, are transferred to the Don himself in the second is a convincing proof that Cervantes can have had nothing to do with the revision. But, as I have already said, the great fight is over the two additions in the twenty-third and thirtieth chapters. They certainly do present a very curious problem for editorial ingenuity.

Every reader of DON QUIXOTE must have noted the contradictions which gather round the story of the theft and the restoration of Dapple. In the first edition there is no account either of the abstraction or of the recovery. We only learn from the twenty-fifth chapter that the ass has been stolen, and that Don Quixote promises Sancho the three colts to replace him. Nor is this all, for there is a casual mention by the Don of the theft of his sword by Ginés de Pasamonte, of which we hear no more. In the second addition appear the well-known passages describing the lifting of the ass by Ginés during the first night's halt in the Sierra Morena, and the recovery when the Don and his companions are about the adventure of the Princess Micomicona. Ginés, on that occasion, "got off that ass and fled away like wind," as did the thief in the not dissimilar case of Jacob Omnium's nag. But these explanations do not make matters better, for after the abstraction of Dapple we hear of Sancho as riding on him. The editor of the edition of 1608 was so conscious of this that he dismounts Sancho and then makes no other change, thereby producing an absolute incongruity in the second day's adventure in the Sierra Morena. To complete the bewilderment of editors, Cervantes undertook to explain the mystery in the fourth chapter of the Second Part. Sancho then tells Sanson Carrasco, who has informed him that no account is given of the loss of Dapple, that Ginés de Pasamonte stole it, as Brunello took

the horse of Sacripante, by propping up the saddle with stakes, and leading the beast out from beneath the sleeping rider. This obviously does not agree with the account given in the second edition. But Sancho's reading of the riddle of the recovery of Ginés de Pasamonte's booty does agree in the main with the version given in the thirtieth chapter as revised.

Now here is a tangle which suggests quite a string of questions. If Cervantes corrected the proofs of the second edition and made the insertions, why does the account of the theft given in 1605 not agree with the version of the Second Part, and why were the contradictions not removed? To allow an isolated absurdity to stand is one thing. Sir Walter Scott, though it was in his power to have done so, never removed the famous passage in The Antiquary which describes the sun as setting in the east, contrary to universal experience. But to make an alteration, and thereby create a string of dependent absurdities, and to crown all by giving another explanation, these are very different things from merely allowing what was written to remain. On this ground the editors reject the passage as the work of an interpolator. This, however, only lands us in the face of another difficulty, or rather plants us down in front of two. The account of the recovery of Dapple does agree with Sancho's story in the Second Part; it may be added that the account of the loss of the good beast also does to a certain extent, since Ginés de Pasamonte is named as the thief. Now if the passages were added by a mere interpolater, some hack working for Francisco de Robles, how came he to know so much? Mr. Kelly says that he was led to select Ginés as the thief by the casual reference to the theft of the Don's sword; but that does not explain his knowledge of the time and place of the recovery. The present editors, in fact, leave us in nearly as great a fix as any of their predecessors. If the additions were not made by Cervantes, then some hack, some inferior *avellaneda* Mr. Kelly calls him, must have had a truly wonderful inspiration to be able to guess so closely at what Cervantes meant. Mr. Kelly will not allow, what seems a possible explanation, that Cervantes had seen the additions, and adopted them with improvements in the Second Part. Taking the words of Sancho in the fourth chapter literally, he will not even allow that Cervantes had as much as seen his book in print, which seems an extreme supposition in the case of a work which had been so often reprinted, and of which the author was justly proud. Even if the authors of the seventeenth century were so indifferent to the honour of seeing themselves in print as he thinks (which I should hesitate to believe), Cervantes must have heard the matter discussed; if he had not, why do we have Sancho's explanation to Sanson Carrasco?

The critic may be asked what he has to offer as the conclusion of the whole matter. It is not quite a fair demand where the evidence is so scanty and contradictory. Yet two interpretations may be suggested, of course with all due deference. It is impossible to believe that Cervantes corrected the second and third editions in the full modern sense of the word. On the other hand, it seems to me incredible that the two additions were made entirely without his knowledge. He may not have written the words as they stand, but they represent what he meant to do. The sheets containing his corrections may have been lost, and the substance given from memory. His absence from Madrid, the difficulty of communicating rapidly with him at Valladolid, the unwilling-

ness of the publisher to spend money on a doubtful venture, the uneasy circumstances of the author's life, combined to make full revision by him impossible. That two passages were foisted in by Robles, and that they came as near as they did to the author's intention by pure accident, is to me incredible. This, of course, leaves much to be explained, but is, I venture to think, a less violent supposition than that which commends itself to the editors of this edition.

Then there is a second interpretation, which is that there was a considerable element of downright mystification in all this, that Cervantes was, in fact, poking fun here at the the contradictions and absurdities of the later tales of chivalry, in the spirit of his scarification of Lope de Vega's pedantry in the prologue. Nothing would be more consistent with the general tone of the book. Here again the explanation is far from complete, but is perhaps as acceptable as another. For the rest did these two passages, and the contradictions which surround them, ever spoil the pleasure of a fit reader, of one, that is, who loved DON QUIXOTE for the style, for the human reality of the figures, the fun, the pathos, the endless adventure, the unique mingling of the fantastic and the prosaic, which make the humour of Cervantes? The wise lover of literature takes no heed of trifles; *de minimis non curat.* No sane man would allow the famous scene on the cliff by Fairport to be spoiled for him by the impossible position of the sun. It is right to add that the loss of Dapple, Sancho's lament, and the happy recovery of the most famous of donkeys, though removed from their places in the text, are duly printed at the end of their respective chapters.

The general treatment of the text is excellent. Once the editors leave the words *gol solo*, which others have corrected into *golpe solo* (a single blow), on the ground that they are, in their opinion, slang (*germania*). To me they smack very strongly of mere printer's error. Cervantes, and it was part of his usual (but in Spanish literature most exceptional) truth to life, was by no means afraid of making rogues talk their own dialect; but he did not use it at random where it would have been inappropriate. One little expostulation I must make with Mr. Kelly for his application of the word *vagabond* to the life of Cervantes in the English version which he has written of his introduction. He ought to have remembered the indignant rebuke which Sainte-Beuve gave to Germond de Lavigne for applying that word to the genius of Cervantes. No doubt it means a wanderer, but that would be a pedantic excuse. "A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be," was the curse of Cain, and the name implies more than a life which poverty, misfortune, and the love of adventure made restless. It irritates one to see stains of that kind anywhere near what really is the best text of the First Part of DON QUIXOTE yet made.

DAVID HANNAY.

MESSER CINO AND THE LIVE COAL.

I.

It is not generally known that the learned Aristotle once spent the night in a basket dangled midway betwixt attic and basement of a castle; nor that, having suffered himself to be saddled for the business, he went on all-fours ambling round the terrace-walk with a lady on his back, a lady who, it is said, plied the whip with more heartiness than humanity. But there seems no doubt of the fact. The name of the lady (she was Countess of Cyprus), the time of the escapade, which was upon the sage's return from India in the train of the triumphant Alexander,—these and many other particulars are at hand. The story does not lack of detail, though it is noteworthy that Petrarch, in his TRIONFO D'AMORE, decently veils the victim in a periphrasis. "*Quell'e'l gran Greco*,"—there is the great Grecian, says he, and leaves you to choose between the Stagyrite, Philip of Macedon, and Theseus. The painters, however, have had no mercy upon him. I remember him in a pageant at Siena, in a straw hat, with his mouth full of grass; the lady rides him in the mannish way. In pictures he is always doting, humbled to the dust or cradled in his basket, when he is not showing his paces on the lawn. By all accounts it was a bad case of green-sickness, as such late cases are. You are to understand that he refused all nourishment, took delight in no manner of books, could not be stayed by the nicest problems of Physical Science, —such as whether the beaver does indeed catch fish with his tail, the truth concerning the eyesight of the lynxes of Bœotia, or what gave the partridge such a reputation for heedless gallantry. But it would be unprofitable to enquire into all this; Aristotle was not the first enamoured sage in history, nor was he the last. And where he bowed his laborious front it was to be hoped that Messer Cino of Pistoja might do the like. It is of him that I am to speak. The story is of Selvaggia Vergiolesi, the beautiful romp, and of Messer Guittoncino de' Sigibuldi, that most eminent jurist, familiarly known as Cino da Pistoja in the affectionate phrasing of his native town.

Love-making was the mode in his day (which was also Dante's), but Master Cino had been all for the Civil Law. The Digest, the Pandects, the Institutes of Gaius and what not, had given him a bent back before his time, so that he walked among the Pistojese beauties with his eyes on the ground and his hands knotted behind his decent robe. Love might have made him fatter, yet he throve upon his arid food; he sat in an important chair in his University; he had lectured at Bologna (hive of sucking archdeacons) at Siena, at Perugia. Should he prosper, he looked to Florence for his next jump. As little as he could contrive was he for Pope or Emperor, Black or White, Farinata or Cerchi; banishment came that road. His friend Dante was footsore with exile, halfway over Apennine by this time; Cino knew that for him also the treading was very delicate. Constitutionally he was Ghibelline with his friend Dante, and such poli-

tics went well in Pistoja for the moment. But who could tell? The next turn of the wheel might bring the Pope round; Pistoja might go Black (as indeed she did in more senses than one), and pray where would be his Assessorship of Civil Causes, where his solemn chair, where his title to doffing of caps and a chief seat at feasts? Cino, meditating these things over his morning sop and wine, rubbed his chin sore and determined to take a wife. His family was respectable, but Ghibelline; his means were happy; his abilities known to others as well as to himself. Good! He would marry a sober Guelphish virgin, and establish a position to face both the windy quarters. It was when his negotiations to this end had reached maturity, when the contract for his espousals with the honourable lady, Madonna Margherita degli Ughi, had actually been signed, that Messer Cino of Pistoja was late for his class, got cold feet, and turned poet.

II.

It was a strange hour when Love leapt the heart of Cino, that staid jurisconsult, to send him reeling up the sunny side of the piazza heedless of his friends or his enemies. To his dying day he could not have told you how it came upon him. Being a man of slow utterance and of a mind necessarily bent towards the concrete, all he could confess to himself throughout the terrible business was, that there had been a cataclysm. He remembered the coldness of his feet; cold feet in mid-April,—something like a cataclysm! As he turned it over and over in his mind a lady recurred with the persistence of a refrain in a ballad; and words, quite unaccustomed words, tripped over his tongue to meet her. What a lovely vision she had made!—"*Una donzella non con uman'volto* (a gentle lady not of human look)." Well, what next? Ah, something about "*Amor ch'ha la mia virtù tolto* (Love that has reft me of my manly will)." Then should come *amore*, and of course *cuore*, and *disiò*, and *anch' io!* This was very new; it was also very strange what a fascination he found in his phrenetic exercises. Rhyme, now: he had called it often enough a jingle of endings; it were more true to say that it was a jingle of mendings, for it certainly soothed him. He was making a goddess in his own image; poetry—Santa Cecilia! he was a poet, like his friend Dante, like that supercilious young tomb-walker Guido Cavalcanti. A poet he undoubtedly became; and if his feet were cold his heart was on fire.

What happened was this, so far as I am informed. At the north angle of the church of San Giovanni fuori Civitas there is a narrow lane, so dark that at very noon no sunlight comes in but upon blue bars of dust slantwise overhead. This lay upon Cino's daily beat from his lodgings to the Podestà;[1] and here it was that he met Selvaggia Vergiolesi.

She was one of three young girls walking hand in hand up the alley on their way from early Mass, the tallest where all were tall, and, as it seemed to him when he dreamed of it, astonishingly beautiful. Though they were very young, they were ladies of rank; their heads were high and crowned, their gowns of figured brocade; they had chains round their necks, and each a jewel on her forehead; by chains also swung their little mass-books in silver covers. Cino knew them well enough by sight. Their names were Selvaggia di Filippo Vergiolesi, Guglielmotta Aspramonte, Nicoletta della Torre. So at least he

[1] So the Pistojese described at once their government and the seat of it.

had always believed; but now, but now! A beam of gold dust shot down upon the central head. This was Aglaia, fairest of the three Graces; and the other two were Euphrosyne and Thalia, her handmaids. Thus it struck Cino, heart and head, at this sublime moment of his drab-coloured life.

Selvaggia's hair was brown, gold-shot of its own virtue. In and out of it was threaded a fine gold chain; behind, it was of course plaited in a long twist, plaited and bound up in cloth of gold till it looked as hard as a bull's tail. Her dress was all of formal brocade, green and white, to her feet. It was cut square at the neck; and from that square her throat, dazzlingly white, shot up as stiff as a stalk which should find in her face its delicate flower. She was not very rosy, save about the lips; her eyes were grey, inclined to be green, the lashes black. As for her shape, sumptuous as her dress was, stiff and straight and severe, I ask you to believe that she had grace to fill it with life, to move at ease in it, to press it into soft and rounded lines. Her linked companions also were beauties of their day,—that sleek and sleepy Nicoletta, that ruddy Guglielmotta; but they seemed to cower in their rigid clothes, and they were as nothing to Cino.

The lane was so narrow that only three could pass abreast; it was abreast these three were coming, as Cino saw. On a sudden his heart began to knock at his ribs; that was when the light fell aslant upon the maid. He could no more have taken his eyes off Selvaggia than he could have climbed up the dusty wall to avoid her. Lo, here is one stronger than I! At the next moment the three young rogues were about him, their knitted hands a fence, —but the eyes of Selvaggia! Terrible twin-fires, he thought, such as men light in the desert to scare the beasts away while they sleep, or (as he afterwards improved it for his need) like the flaming sword of the Archangel, which declared and yet forbade Eden to Adam and his wife.

Selvaggia, in truth, though she had fourteen years behind her, was a romp when no one was looking. There were three brothers at home but no mother; she was half a boy for all her straight gown. To embarrass this demure professor, to presume upon her sex while discarding it, was a great joke after a tediously droned Mass at San Jacopo. Nicoletta would have made room, even the hardier Guglielmotta drew back; but that wicked Selvaggia pinched their fingers so that they could not escape. All this time Messer Cino had his eyes rooted in Selvaggia's, reading her as if she were a portent. She endured very well what she took to be the vacancy of confusion in a shy recluse.

"Well, Messer Cino, what will you do?" said she, bubbling with mischief.

"Oh, Madonna, can you ask?" he replied, and clasped his hands.

"But you see that I do ask."

"I would stop here all the day if I might," said Messer Cino with a look by no means vacant. Whereupon she let him through that minute and ran away blushing. More than once or twice she encountered him there, but she never tried to pen him back again.

Little Monna Selvaggia learned that you cannot always put out the fire which you have kindled. The fire set blazing by those lit green swords of hers was in the heart of an Assessor of Civil Causes, a brazier with only too good a draught. For love in love-learned Tuscany was then a roaring wind; it came rhythmically and set the glowing mass beating like the sestett of a sonnet. One lived in numbers in those days; numbers

always came. You sonnetteered upon the battle-field, in the pulpit, on the Bench, at the Bar. Throughout the moil of his day's work at the Podestà those clinging long words, in themselves inspiration, *disìo, piacère, vaghezza, gentilezza, diletto, affetto*, beautiful twins that go ever embraced, wailed in poor Cino's ears, and insensibly shaped themselves coherent. He thought they were like mirrors, so placed that each gave a look of Selvaggia. Before the end of the day he had the whole of her in a sonnet which, if it were as good as it was comfortable, should needs (he thought) be excellent. The thrill which marked achievement sent the blood to his head; this time he gloried in cold feet. He wrote his sonnet out fair upon vellum in a hand no scribe at the Papal Court could have bettered, rolled it, tied it with green and white silk (her colours, colours of the hawthorn hedge!), and went out into the streets at the falling-in of the day to deliver it.

The Palazzo Vergiolesi lay over by the church of San Francesco al Prato, just where the Via San Prospero debouches into that green place. Like all Tuscan palaces it was more fortress than house, a dark square box of masonry with a machicollated lid, and separate from it, but appurtenant, a most grim tower with a slit or two half way up for all its windows. Here, under the great escutcheon of the Vergiolesi, Cino delivered his missive. The porter took it with a bow so gracious that the poet was bold to ask whether the Lady Selvaggia was actually within. "Yes, surely, Messere," said the man, "and moreover in the kitchen with the cookmaids. For there is a cake-making on hand, and she is never far away from that business." Cino was ravished by this instance of divine humiliation; so might Apollo have bowed in the house of Admetus, so Israel have kept swine for Rachel's sake. He walked away in most exalted mood, his feet no longer cold. This was a great day for him, when he could see a new heaven and a new earth. "Now I too have been in Arcady!" he thought to himself with tears in his eyes. "I will send a copy of my sonnet to Dante Alighieri by a sure hand. He should be at Bologna by this." And he did.

Madonna Selvaggia, her sleeves rolled up, a great bib all about her pretty person, and her mouth in a fine mess of sugar and crumbs, received her tribute sitting on the long kitchen-table. It should have touched, it might have tickled, but it simply confused her. The maids peeped over her shoulder as she read, in ecstasy that Madonna should have a lover and a poet of her own. Selvaggia filched another handful of sugar and crumbs, and twiddled her sonnet while she wondered what on earth she should do with it. Her fine brows met each other over the puzzle, so clearly case for a confidence. Gianbattista, her youngest brother, was her bosom-friend; but he was away, she knew, riding to Pisa with their father. Next to him ranked Nicoletta; she would be at Mass tomorrow,—that would do. Meantime the cook produced a most triumphal cake hot and hot, and the transports of poor Messer Cino were forgotten.

Dante's reply to his copy was so characteristic that I must anticipate a little to speak of it. He confined himself almost entirely to technicalities, strongly objecting to the sestett with its three rhymes in the middle, upon which Cino had prided himself in no small degree. The only thing he seemed to care for was the tenth line, "*A dolce morte sotto dolce inganno*," which you may render, if you like, "To a sweet death under so

sweet deceit"; but he said there were too many *o*'s in it. "As to the subject of your poem," he wrote in a postscript, "love is a thing of so terrible a nature that not lightly is it to be entered, since it cannot be lightly left; and, seeing the latter affair is much out of a man's power, he should be wary with the former, wherein at present he would appear to have some discretion, though not very much." This was chilly comfort; but by the time it reached him Cino was beyond the assault of chills.

Equally interesting should it be to record the conversation of Monna Selvaggia with her discreet friend Nicoletta; yet I cannot record everything. Nicoletta had a lover of her own, a most proper poet who had got far beyond the mere accidence of the science where Cino was fumbling now; you might say that he was at theory. Nicoletta, moreover, was sixteen years old, a marriageable age, an age indeed at which not to have a lover would have been a disgrace. She had had sonnets and *canzoni* addressed to her since she was twelve; but then she had two elder sisters and only one brother—a monk! This made a vast difference. The upshot was that when Cino met the two ladies at the charmed spot of yesterday's encounter he uncovered before them and stood with folded hands, as if at his prayers. Consequently he missed the very pretty air of consciousness with which Selvaggia passed him by, the heightened colour of her, the lowered eyes and restless fingers. Also he missed Nicoletta's demure shot askance, demure but critical, as became an expert. A sonnet and a bunch of red anemones went to the Palazzo Vergiolesi that evening; thenceforth it rained sonnets till poor little Selvaggia ran near losing her five wits. It rained sonnets, I say, until the Cancellieri brought out the black Guelphs in a swarm. Then it rained blood, and the Vergiolesi fled one cloudy night to Pitecchio, their stronghold in the Apennine. For Messer Cino, it behoved him also to advise seriously about his position. To sonnetteer is very well, but a lover, to say nothing of a jurisconsult, must live; he cannot have his throat cut if there is a way out.

There was a very simple way out, which he took. He went down to Lucca in the plain and married his Margherita degli Ughi. With her Guelph connections he felt himself safer. He bestowed his wife in the keeping of her people for the time, bought himself a horse, and rode up to Pitecchio among the green maize, the olive-yards, and sprouting vines to claim asylum from Filippo, and to see once more the beautiful young Selvaggia.

III.

There is hardly a sonnet, there are certainly neither *ballate*, *canzoni*, nor *capitoli* which do not contain some reference to Monna Selvaggia's fine eyes, and always to the same tune. They scorch him, they beacon him, they flash out upon him in the dark so that he falls prone as Saul (who got up with a new name and an honourable addition); they are lodestones, swords, lamps, torches, fires, fixed and ambulatory stars, the sun, the moon, candles. They hold lurking a thief to prey upon the vitals of Cino; they are traitors, cruel lances; they kill him by stabbing day after day. You can picture the high-spirited young lady from his book—her noble bearing, her proud head, her unflinching regard, again the sparks in her grey-green eyes, and so on. He plays upon her *forte nome*, her dreadful name of Selvaggia; so she comes to be Ferezza itself. "*Tanto*

è altiera," he says, so haughtily she goes that love sets him shaking; but kind or cruel it is all one to the enamoured Master Cino; for even if she "*un pochettin sorride* (light him a little smile)," it melts him as sun melts snow. In any case, therefore, he must go, like Dante's cranes, trailing his woes. It appears that she had very little mercy upon him, for all that in one place he records that she was "of all sweet sport and solace amorous"; in many more than one he complains of her bringing him to "death and derision," of her being in a royal rage with her poet. At last he cries out for Pity to become incarnate and vest his lady in her own robe. It may be that he loved his misery; he is always on the point of dying, but like the swan he was careful to set it to music first. Selvaggia, in fact, laughed at him (he turned once to call her a Jew for it) egged on as she was by her brother and her own vivacious habit. She had no Nicoletta at Pitecchio, no mother anywhere, and a scheming father too busy to be anything but shrugging towards poets. She accepted his rhymes (she would probably have been scared if they ceased), his services, his lowered looks, his bent knee; and then she tripped away with an arm round Gianbattista's neck to laugh at all these honourable attentions. As for Cino, Selvaggia was become his religion, and his rhyming her reasonable service. His goddess may have been as thirsty as the Scythian Artemis; may be that she asked blood and stripes of her devotees. All this may well be; for, by the Lord, did she not have them?

Ridolfo and Ugolino Vergiolesi, the two elder brothers of Selvaggia, had stayed behind in Pistoja to share the fighting in the streets. They had plenty of it, given and received. Ridolfo had his head cut open, Ugolino went near to losing his sword arm; but in spite of these heroic sufferances the detested Cancellieri became masters of the city, and the chequer-board flag floated over the Podestà. Pistoja was now no place for a Ghibelline. So the two young men rode up to the hill-fortress, battered but in high spirits. Selvaggia flew down the cypress-walk to meet them; they were brought in like wounded heroes. That was a bad day's work for Messer Cino the amorist; Apollo and the Muses limped in rags and Mars was the only God worth thinking about, except on Sundays.

Ridolfo, with his broken headpiece, was a bluff youth, broad shouldered, square-jawed, a great eater, grimly silent for the most part. Ugolino had a trenchant humour of the Italian sort. What this may be is best exampled by our harlequinades in which very much of Boccaccio's bent still survives. You must have a man drubbed if you want to laugh, and do your rogueries with a pleasant grin if you are inclined to heroism. Ridolfo, reading Selvaggia's sheaf of rhymes that night, was for running Master Cino through the body, jurist or no jurist; but Ugolino saw his way to a jest of the most excellent quality, and prevailed. He was much struck by the poet's pre-occupation with his sister's eyes. "Candles, are they," he chuckled, "torches, fires, suns, moons, and stars? You seem to have scorched this rhymester, Vaggia."

"He has frequently told me so, indeed," said Selvaggia.

"It reminds me of Messer San Giovanni Vangelista," Ugolino continued, "who was made to sing rarely by the touching of a hot cinder."

Selvaggia snatched the scrolls out of her brother's hand. "Nay, nay, but wait," she cried with a gulp of laughter; "I have done that to Messer Cino, or can if I choose."

She turned over the delicate pen-work in a hurry. "Here," she said eagerly, "read this!"

Ugolino scampered through a couple of quatrains. "There's nothing out of common here," said he.

"Go on, go on," said the girl, and nudged him to attend. Ugolino read the sestett:

"'His book is but the vesture of her spirit;
So too thy poet, that feels the living coal
Flame on his lips and leap to song, shall know,
To whom the glory, whose the unending merit.'"

Reading he became absorbed in this fantastic, but not unhandsome piece; even Selvaggia pondered it with wide eyes and lips half parted. It was certainly very wonderful that a man could say such things, she thought. Were they true? Could they be true of anyone in the world,—even of Beatrice Portinari, that wonderful dead lady? She had never, she remembered, shown this particular sonnet to Nicoletta. What would Nicoletta have said? Pooh, what nonsense it was, what arrant nonsense in a man who could carry a sword, if he chose, and kill his enemies, or, better still, with his head outwit them,—that he should turn to pens and ink and to mystifying a poor girl! So Selvaggia, not so Ugolino. He got up and whispered to the scowling Ridolfo; Ridolfo nodded, and the pair of them went off presently together.

Oblique looks on Cino were the immediate outcome. He knew the young men disliked him, but cared little for that so long as they left him free to his devotions. A brisk little passage, a rally of words, with a bite in some of them, should have warned him; but no, the stage he had reached was out of range of the longest shots.

Said Ugolino at supper: "Messer Giurisconsulto, will you have a red pepper?"

"Thank you, Messere," replied Cino, "it is over hot for my tongue."

The huge Ridolfo threw his head back to laugh. "Does a burned man dread the fire, or is he only to be fired one way? Why, man alive, my sister has set a flaming coal to your lips, and I am told you burst out singing instead of singeing."

Cino coloured at this lunge; yet his respect for the lady of his mind was such that he could not evade it. "You take the language of metaphor, Messere," said he rather stiffly, "to serve your occasions. You are of course within your rights. However, I will beg leave to be excused the red pepper of Messer Ugolino."

"You prefer coals?" cried Ugolino, starting up. "Good! you shall have them."

That was all; but the malign smile upon the dark youth's face gave a ring to the words, and an omen.

Late that night Cino was in his chamber writing a *ballata*. His little oil-lamp was by his side; the words flowed freely from his pen; tears hot and honest were in his eyes, as he felt rather than thought his exquisite griefs. Despised and rejected of men was he,—and why? For the love of a beautiful lady. Eh, Mother of God, but that was worth the pain! She had barely lifted her eyes upon him all that day, and while her brothers gibed had been at no concern to keep straight her scornful lip. Patience, he was learning his craft! The words flowed like blood from a vein.

Love struck me in the side,
And from the wound my soul took wing and flew
To Heaven, and all my pride
Fell, and I knew
There was no balm could stay that wound so wide.

At this moment came a rapping at his door. He went to open it, dreaming no harm. There stood Ridolfo and Ugolino with swords in their right hands; in his left Ugolino carried a brazier.

"Gentlemen," said Cino, "what is the meaning of this? Will you break in upon the repose of your father's guest? And do you come armed against an unarmed man?"

The pair of them, however, came into the room, and Ridolfo locked the door behind him. "Look you, Cino," said he, "our father's guests are not our guests, for our way is to choose our own. There is a vast difference between us, and it lies in this, that you and the like of you are word-mongers, phrasers, heart-strokers; whereas we, Master Cino, are, in Scripture-language, doers of the word, rounding our phrases with iron and putting in full-stops with the point, when they are needed. And we do not stroke girls' hearts, Cino, but as often as not break men's heads."

Cino, for all his dismay, could not forbear a glance at the speaker's own damaged pate. "And after all, Messer Ridolfo, in that you do but as you are done by, and who will blame you?"

"Hark'ee, Master Giurista," broke in Ugolino, "we have come to prove some of these fine words of yours. It will be well for you to answer questions instead of bandying them. Now did you, or did you not report that my sister Selvaggia touched your lips with a coal and set you off singing?"

Cino, with folded arms, bent his head in assent: "I have said it, Messere."

"Good! Now, such singing, though it is not to her taste, might be very much to ours. In fact we have come to hear it, and that you might be robbed of all excuse we have brought the key with us. Brother, pray blow up the brazier."

Ridolfo with his great cheeks like bladders blew the coals to a white heat. "Now then," he said grinning to Ugolino, "now then, the concert may begin."

Cino, who by this had seen what was in the wind, saw also what his course must be. Whatever happened he could not allow a poet to be made ridiculous. It was ridiculous to struggle with two armed men, and unseemly; but suffering was never ridiculous. Patience, therefore! He anticipated the burly Ridolfo who, having done his bellows-work, was now about to pin his victim from behind. "Pray do not give yourself the pain to hold me, Messere," said he; "I am not the man to deny you your amusement. Do what you will, I shall not budge from here."

He stood where he was with his arms crossed, and he kept his word. The red cinder hissed upon his lips; he shut his eyes, he ground his teeth together, the sweat beaded his forehead and glistened in his hair. Once he reeled over, and would have fallen if Ridolfo had not been there to catch him; but he did not sing the tune they had expected, and presently they let him alone. So much for Italian humour, which, you will see, does not lack flavour. It was only the insensate obtuseness of the gull which prevented Ugolino dying of laughter. Ridolfo was annoyed. "Give me cold iron to play with another time," he growled; "I am sick of your monkey-tricks." This hurt Ugolino a good deal, for it made him feel a fool.

Will it be believed that the infatuate Master Cino spent the rest of the night in a rapture of poetry? It was not voiced poetry, could never have been written down; rather, it was a torrent of feeling upon which he floated out to heaven, in which he bathed. It thrilled through every fibre of his body till he felt the wings of his soul fluttering madly to be free.

This was the very ecstasy of love, to suffer the extreme torment for the beloved! Ah, he was smitten deep enough at last; if poetry were to be won through bloody sweat, the pains of the rack, the crawling anguish of the fire, was not poetry his own? Yes, indeed; what Dante had gained through exile and the death of Monna Beatrice was his for another price, the price of his own blood. He forgot the physical agony of his scorched mouth, forgot the insult, forgot everything but this ineffable achievement, this desperate essay, this triumph, this anointing. Cino, Cino, martyr for Love! Hail, Cino, crowned with thy pain! He could have held up his bleeding heart and worshipped it. Surely this was the greatest hour of his life.

Before he left Pitecchio, and that was before the dawn came upon it, he wrote this letter to his mistress.

To his unending Lady, the image of all lovely delight, the Lady Selvaggia, Cino the poet, martyr for love, wisheth health and honour with kissing of feet. Madonna, if sin it be to lift over high the eyes, I have sinned very grievously; and if to have great joy be assurance of forgiveness, then am I twice absolved. Such bliss as I have had in the contemplation of your excellence cometh not to many men, yet that which has befallen me this night (concerning which your honourable brothers shall inform you if you ask them),—this indeed is to be blessed of love so high, so rarely, that it were hard to believe myself the recipient, but for certain bodily testimony which, I doubt not, I shall carry about me to my last hour. I leave this house within a little while and go to the hermitage by Santa Marcella Pistoiese, there to pray Almighty God to make me worthy of my dignities, and to contemplate the divine image of you wherewith my heart is sealed. So fare you well!—The most abject of your slaves,

CINO.

His reason for giving the name of his new refuge was an honourable one, and would appeal to a duellist. His flight, though necessary, should be robbed of all appearance of flight; if they wanted him they could find him. Other results it had,—results which he could never have anticipated, and which to have foreseen would have made him choose any other form of disgrace. But this was out of the question; nothing known to Cino or his philosophy could have told him the future of his conduct. He placed his letter in an infallible place and left Pitecchio just as the western sky was throbbing with warm light.

For the present I leave him on his way.

IV.

The third act of the comedy should open on Selvaggia in her bed reading the letter. Beautiful as she may have looked, flushed and loose-haired, at that time, it is better to leave her alone with her puzzle, and choose rather the hour of her enlightenment. Ridolfo and Ugolino were booted and spurred, their hooded hawks were on their wrists when she got speech of them. They were not by this time very willing witnesses in a cause which now seemed to tell against themselves. Selvaggia's cheeks burned as with poor Cino's live coal when she could piece together all the shameful truth; tears brimmed at her eyes, and these too were scalding hot. Selvaggia, you must understand, was a very good girl, her only sin being none of her accomplishment; she was a child who looked like a young woman. Certainly she could not help that, though all the practice of her race were against her. She had never sought love, never felt to need it, nor cared to harbour it when it came. Love knocked at her heart, asking an entry; her heart was not an inn, she thought, let the wayfarer go on. But

the knocking had continued till her ears had grown to be soothed by the gentle sound; and now it had stopped for ever, and, Pitiful Mother, for what good reason? Oh, the thing was horrible, shameful, unutterable! She was crying with rage; but as that spent itself a great warm flood of genuine sorrow tided over her, floated her away: she cried as though her heart was breaking; and now she cried for pity, and at last she cried for very love. A pale ethereal Cino, finger on lip, rose before her; a halo burned about his head; he seemed a saint, he should be hers! Ugolino and Ridolfo, helpless and ashamed before her outburst, went out bickering to their sport; and Selvaggia, wild as her name, untaught, with none to tutor her, dared her utmost, — dared, poor girl, beyond her strength.

Late in the afternoon of that day Cino, in the oratory of his hermitage, getting what comfort he could out of an angular Madonna frescoed there, heard a light step brush the threshold. The sun, already far gone in the west, cast on the white wall a shadow whose sight set his head spinning. He turned hastily round. There at the door stood Selvaggia in a crimson cloak; for the rest, a picture of the Tragic Muse, so woebegone, so white, so ringed with dark she was.

Cino, on his feet, muttered a prayer to himself. He covered his scarred mouth, but not before the girl had caught sight of it. She set to wringing her hands, and began a low wailing cry. "Ah, terrible, ah, terrible! That I should have done it to one who was always so gentle with me and so patient! Oh, Cino," —and she held out her hands towards him—"Oh, Cino, will you not forgive me? Will you not? I, only, did it; it was through me that they knew what you had said. Shameful girl that I am!" She covered her face and stood sobbing before him. But confronted with this toppled Madonna Cino was speechless, wholly unprepared by jurisprudence or the less exact science of love for such a pass. As he knew himself, he could have written eloquently and done justice to the piercing theme; but love, as he and his fellows understood it, had no spoken language. I do not see, however, that Selvaggia is to be blamed for being ignorant of this.

Yet he had to say something, since there stood the weeping girl, all abandoned to her trouble. "I beseech you, Madonna,— " he was beginning, when she suddenly bared her face, her woe, and her beauty to his astonished eyes, looking passionately at him in a way which even he could not misinterpret.

"Cino," she said brokenly, "I am a wilful girl, but not wicked, ah, no, not hard-hearted. I think I did not understand you; I heard but would not hear; it was wantonness, not evil in me, Cino. You have never wearied of telling me your devotion; is it too late to be thankful? Now I am come to tell you what I should have said long before, that I am grateful, proud of such love, that I receive it if still I may, that,—that,"—her voice fell to a thrilled whisper—"that I love you, Cino." Ah, but she had no more courage; she hid her blushes in her hands and felt that now she should by rights sink into the earth.

Judge you, who know the theory of the matter, if this were terrible hearing for Messer Cino. Terrible? It was unprecedented hearing; it was a thing which, so far as he knew, had never happened to a lover before. That love should go smooth, the lady smile, the lady love, the lady woo! Monstrous! the lady was never kind. Where was anguish? Where martyrdom? Where poetry and sore eyes?

Yet stay, was not such a thing in itself a torment, to be cut off your martyrdom?

Cino gasped for breath. "You love me, Madonna?" he said. "You love me?" Selvaggia nodded her head in her hands; she felt that she was blushing all over her body. Cino at this new stab struck his forehead a resounding smack. "This is terrible indeed!" he cried out in his distress; whereupon Selvaggia forgot to be ashamed any more, she was so taken by surprise. "What do you mean, Cino?" she began to falter. "I don't understand you."

Cino plunged into the icy pool of explanation, and splashed there at large. "I mean, I mean"—he waved his hands in the air—"it is most difficult to explain. We must apprehend Love aright,—if we can. He is a grim and dreadful lord, it appears, working out the salvation of the souls of poets, and other men, by great sufferings. There is no other way, as the books teach us. Such love is always towards ladies; the suffering is from them, the love for them. They deal the darts, and receive the more devotion. It is not otherwise—could not be—there can be no poetry without pain, and how can there be pain if the lady loves the poet? Ah, no, it is impossible! Anciently, very long ago, in the times of Troy may be, it was different. I know not what to say,—I had never expected, never looked, nor even asked,—ah, Madonna," he suddenly cried, and found himself upon his knees, "what am I to say to you for this speech of yours?"

Selvaggia, white enough now, froze hard. "Do you mean," she said slowly, in words that fell one by one like cuts from a deliberate whip, "do you mean that you do not love me, Messer Cino, after all?"

"You are a light to my eyes and a lantern to my feet," Cino murmured: but she did not seem to hear. "Do you mean," she went on, "that you are not prepared to be,—to be my,—my betrothed?"

It was done; now let the Heavens fall! She could not ask the man to marry her, but it came to the same thing; she had practically committed that unpardonable sin; she had approached love to wedlock, a mystery to a bargain, the rapt converse of souls in Heaven to a wrangle over the heeltaps in a tavern parlour. She was a heretic whom any Court of Love must excommunicate. The thing was so serious that it brought Cino to his feet, severe, formal, an Assessor of Civil Causes. He spread out his hands as if to wave aside words he should never have heard. He had found his tongue, for he was now contemplating the Abstract. "Be very sure, most sacred Lady," said he, "that no bodily torment could drive me to such sacrilege as your noble humility led you to contemplate. No indeed! Wretchedly unworthy as I am to live in the light of your eyes, I am not yet fallen so far. There are yet seeds of grace within me,—of your planting, Madonna, of your planting!" She paid no heed to his compliments; her eyes were fixed. On he hurried. "So far, indeed, as those worldly concerns go, whereof you hint, I am provided for. My wife is at Lucca in her father's house, —but of such things it is not fitting we should speak. Rather we should reason together of the high philosophy of love, which——"

But Selvaggia was gone before he could invite her on such a lofty flight; the wife at Lucca sent her fleeting down the mossy slopes like a hare. It was too dark for men to see her face when she tiptoed into Pitecchio and slipped up to her chamber. Safe at last there, she shivered and drowsed

the night away; but waking or sleeping she did not cease her dreary moan.

Cino, after a night of consternation, could endure the hermitage no more; the problem, he was free to confess, beat him. Next day, therefore, he took horse and rode over the mountains to Bologna, intent upon finding Dante there; but Dante had gone to Verona with half of his INFERNO in his saddlebag. Thither Cino pursued and there found him in the church of St. Helen, disputing with the doctors upon the question of the Land and the Water. What passed between the great poet and the less I cannot certainly report, nor is it material. I think that the tinge of philosophy set here and there in Cino's verses, to say nothing of a couplet or two which give more than a hint of the VITA NOVA, may safely be ascribed to that time. I know at least that he did not cease to love his beautiful and wild Selvaggia, so far as he understood that delicate state of the soul which she, perverse child, had so signally misapprehended. The truth may well be that he was tolerably happy at Verona, able to contemplate at his ease the divine image of his lady without any interference from the disturbing original. He was, it is said, meditating an ambitious work, the history of the Roman Polity from Numa to Justinian, an epic in five-and-twenty books, wherein Selvaggia would have played a fine part, that of the Genius of Natural Law. The scheme might have ripened but for one small circumstance; this was the death of Selvaggia.

That healthy, laughing girl, Genius of Nature or not, paid the penalty of her incurable childishness in catching a malaria, whereof she died, as it is said, in a high delirium of some eight hours. So it seems that she was really unteachable, for first she had spoiled Cino's martyrdom, and next, by the same token, robbed the world of an epic in twenty-five books. Cino heard of it some time afterwards, and in due season was shown her tomb at Monte della Sambuca high on the Apennine, a grey stone solitary in a grey waste of shale. There he pondered the science of which, while she was so strangely ignorant, he had now become an adept; there, or thereabouts, he composed the most beautiful of all his rhymes, the *canzone* which may stand for an elegy of the Lady Selvaggia.

> Ay me, alas! the beautiful bright hair,—

Ay me, indeed! And thus he ends:

> Ay me, sharp Death! till what I ask is done
> And my whole life is ended utterly,—
> Answer,—must I weep on
> Even thus, and never cease to moan *ay me?* [1]

He might well ask. It should be accorded him that he was worthy of the occasion; the poem is very fine. But I think the good man did well enough after this; I know that if he was sad he was most melodiously sad. He throve, he became a professor, his wife bore him five children. His native city has done him what honour she could, ousted his surname in favour of her own, set up a pompous monument in the cathedral church (where little Selvaggia heard her dull Mass), and dubbed him once and for all *L'amoroso Messer Cino da Pistoja.* That should suffice him. As for the young Selvaggia, I suppose her bones are dust of the Apennine.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

[1] The translation is Rossetti's.

THE STORY OF THE UGANDA MUTINY.

Something is always happening in Africa, said the ancients, and we may say so now. Events follow one another in that country with such kaleidoscopic rapidity that six months after they have occurred they have almost ceased to interest the general public at home. This is doubtless in a great measure due to the state of perfection which telegraphic communication between the Mother Country and her Colonies has reached. The telegrams in the daily papers record, with necessary brevity, a disaster in South Africa, which in a few days is effaced by the horrors of a massacre in West Africa; then follows a tragedy in East Africa, but before the mails bringing full details of any of these events have reached England, something still more startling has occurred in another quarter of the Dark Continent. Months afterwards is published a Blue Book, in which the whole story is told in a series of despatches, letters, and telegrams. The matter has, however, long since been forgotten, and even if resuscitated for a night by some curious Member of Parliament, is the following day consigned to the official tomb whence there is no resurrection. No better instance of this swift oblivion is perhaps to be found than in the disregard that has been shown to the recent tragedy enacted in the British Protectorate of Uganda, compared with which history, at any rate Anglo-African history, contains no more heroic record of British valour and self-sacrifice.

To give anything like a clear account of the mutiny of the Uganda troops, it will be necessary to enter into certain geographical and historical details, which shall be made as short as possible. First, as to Uganda itself; the British Protectorate known by this name lies on the northern and north-western shores of the great Victoria Nyanza and (including Buddu, Singho, Ankoli, and Usoga,) covers an area of some sixty-five thousand square miles; it comprises also Unyoro, Toru, and several smaller kingdoms, more or less under British rule. The Victoria Nyanza was first discovered in 1858 by Speke, who in 1860-63 visited it again with Grant; in 1874 Colonel Long reached the lake by way of the Nile, and in the following year Mr. Stanley completed the work of discovery by circumnavigating it. The latter's reception by Mtesa, King of Uganda, and his descriptions of the vast resources of the country created a profound impression in England; but the first steps taken to gain a footing in the new land were in the cause of Christianity, the Church Missionary Society, despatching to the court of Mtesa a pioneer party of eight Englishmen in the summer of 1876. With the work done by this party, and by the Roman Catholic missionaries who shortly came on the scenes, with the extraordinary conversion of the people, and the subsequent antagonism that sprang up between native Protestants and native Roman Catholics, with the part played by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Mahommedans in the fierce struggles between the two Christian parties, and with the unfortunate civil wars which for many

years devastated Uganda, we need not concern ourselves, since these matters in no way affect my subject, though had they never occurred, it is doubtful if the Union Jack would now be floating over this valuable tract of country.

I pass to the connection between Uganda and Egypt. Gordon, as Governor-General of the Egyptian Soudan, had gradually extended the boundaries of the Equatorial Provinces, and it will be remembered that, when the intervening country fell into the hands of the Mahdists, Emin Pasha (Governor of the Equatorial Provinces) was cut off from Egypt, and was forced to remain with his troops in the neighbourhood of Wadelai on the Nile. His relief by Mr. Stanley is well known, and to that traveller was a second time due the interest aroused in England in connection with Uganda. The Imperial British East Africa Company (confirmed by Royal Charter in September, 1888,) already established on the East Coast of Africa, extended its territories in 1890 so as to include, within Ibea, Uganda and the neighbouring kingdoms. Thus Uganda became virtually a British possession, and was further acknowledged as such by the Anglo-German Agreement of the same year.

This brief sketch brings us to the end of 1890, when Captain Lugard, on behalf of the Imperial British East Africa Company, concluded a treaty with Mwanga, King of Uganda, by which the power of the Company became paramount. So disturbed, however, was the state of the country by religious factions, that Captain Lugard at once decided to raise an independent force to protect the Company's interests. To obtain these from India, or from Egypt, was beyond the slender resources at his disposal, and moreover the material was actually at hand, the bulk of Emin's troops having remained, after that officer's departure, in the neighbourhood of Lake Albert. The position of these men was peculiar; they had originally formed part of the Egyptian army, had been armed, drilled, clothed, and paid as such, and were proud of serving under the Egyptian flag. They might have deserted to the Mahdi, had they so wished, but they had become settlers as well as soldiers, had married wives of the neighbouring tribes, and the Equatorial Provinces had become their home. They refused the offer of conveyance to Egypt made to them on Emin's departure with Mr. Stanley, and although they had ceased to draw Egyptian pay, they still considered themselves servants of the Khedive. The regiments, according to Emin's own account, were composed principally of Negroes or Negroids (sometimes described as Nubians or Soudanese Blacks) of various equatorial tribes, such as the Makraka, Lataka, Monbuddu, Dinka, etc.; while the remainder consisted of the riff-raff of the Egyptian regiments (half-bred Turks, Egyptians, and mixed Arabs,) whom, for one reason or another, it was considered desirable to keep in the distant provinces. Of these latter men Emin had the worst opinion, calling them "untrustworthy, tyrannical, venal, deceitful, and slave-dealers"; but of his Soudanese Blacks he was always proud: "though not exactly angels," he wrote, "they deserve nothing but praise."

These were the men whom, for two reasons, Captain Lugard decided to make use of. The first was that he required troops for the Imperial British East Africa Company: the second (and by no means an unimportant one) was that this uncontrolled body of men, living within the limits of the British Protectorate, well armed with modern weapons and plenty of ammunition (collected from Mr. Stanley's

abandoned camps), was likely to become a most disturbing factor in the future development of the country; and that the decision was a wise one is beyond all question. He forthwith set to work to carry out his scheme, and though unable, through want of sufficient means, to enlist the whole of the available force, he collected some six hundred picked men, who readily accepted service, and brought them and their thousands of followers into Uganda proper. The best men were selected to be thoroughly drilled at Kampala, to form the nucleus of the Company's force, while the remainder were, for the time being, distributed in a series of frontier forts built by Captain Lugard's orders. The experiment proved entirely successful; the Kampala garrison, under Captain Williams, R.A., and their old leader Selim Bey, was soon converted into a well-disciplined and serviceable force, and, but for the impecuniosity of the Company, the same methods would have been applied to the garrisons of the outlying forts. The men, as I have said, still considered themselves bound to the Egyptian Government, and this Captain Lugard acknowledged; the terms under which they were engaged being that the Company would apply to the Khedive for their services, that, until the sanction was given, the Company would give them their Egyptian rate of pay, and that until their final transfer they should retain the Egyptian flag, and not be liable to serve beyond the northern frontier of Unyoro; but that, if eventually, with the Khedive's consent, they enlisted into the Company's service, they should be liable to go anywhere.

The only means of communicating with Cairo was through Mombasa, some six hundred miles from Uganda, and a year elapsed before the Khedive's favourable reply was received. In the interval the Company had decided on the abandonment of Uganda (in 1891), and the British Government had despatched Sir Gerald Portal to the country to enquire into the desirability of taking it over. Emin's troops (now known as Selim's Soudanese) were, therefore, never formally enlisted into the service of the Company, and only those at Kampala ever received pay from it; but in March, 1893, Sir Gerald Portal, impressed with the necessity of making use of these men, despatched Major Owen to the frontier forts to enlist all the available men for service under the British Government. It is necessary to dwell on these matters, since without a knowledge of the terms of their enlistment and the conditions of their service, it is impossible to discuss the rights and wrongs of the men who eventually mutinied. Major Owen's instructions were briefly these: he was to proceed to the line of forts and enlist the four hundred and fifty Soudanese soldiers; to evacuate two of the forts, sending one hundred men and their followers to Kampala to be drilled with the garrison of that place; to concentrate the remainder, with their families, in the other two forts, and to encourage the followers (numbering some four thousand) to settle down to agricultural pursuits in the immediate neighbourhood. To the commanders of the forts Selim Bey addressed a letter, calling on them to enlist their men into the British service, and detailing the proposed arrangements for the establishment of the new force. Five companies were to be formed, each consisting of one hundred rank and file, with the proper complement of officers and non-commissioned officers; the pay of the privates was fixed at four rupees per month, and that of the other ranks at from six to one hundred and twenty rupees, everyone receiving in addition

an annual allowance of clothing and daily rations. One paragraph in the recruiting instructions should especially be remembered: *These men are merely taken on by Government without anything being said as to terms of service.* Sir Gerald Portal had a reason for inserting this, since the British Government had not at that time finally decided on the retention of Uganda.

Major Owen proceeded to carry out his orders, but meanwhile, in May, 1893, Sir Gerald Portal left Uganda, appointing Captain Macdonald, R.E., to act as administrator. On him also devolved the command of the Kampala garrison, in the absence of Major Owen, Commandant of the Uganda Rifles (to give them their new title), and no sooner had he assumed it than the relations between him and Selim Bey became strained. Selim's word was law with the Soudanese soldiery; and it was reported to Captain Macdonald that he had come to terms with the Mahommedans of the country, promising that, in the event of the native Christians of Uganda preaching a crusade against the followers of the Prophet, he would support the latter with the Soudanese troops, who, it must be remembered, were themselves Mahommedans. To make a long story short, Selim, though dying of dropsy, was arrested, tried, and found guilty of mutinous conduct. His sentence was deprivation of rank and deportation, and he subsequently died on his way down to the coast. Concerning this Captain Lugard, then in England, wrote:

> There must have been a strange want of tact to convert a loyalty so sincere into hostility, when Selim was even then a dying man . . . Selim held the rank of Bey in the Egyptian army,—the highest rank but one that there is in Egypt—and had for years been in command of large districts. That he should suddenly be treated as a very subordinate officer was wholly incongruous. . . . To me it is a sad contemplation, that this veteran, selected by Gordon for the command of Mruli, whose valour saved Dufileh, against whom no charge of disloyalty had ever been proved amidst all the faithlessness of the Sudan troops, and who had proved at the risk of his life his loyalty to me,—that this man should have been hurried off in a dying state, discredited and disgraced, to succumb on the march, a prisoner and an outcast.

At the same time, Captain Macdonald, fearing a general mutiny on account of Selim's arrest, paraded the garrisons of Kampala and Entebbi, and disarmed them in front of a loaded Maxim. Major Owen's situation at the forts was not improved by these events; indeed under less strong control the Soudanese there would inevitably have broken into mutiny, being fully aware of the course of events at Kampala and Entebbi.

Matters in the following months became more quiet, and the troops swore loyalty to the Queen and her officers, taking part in several small expeditions against turbulent chiefs and fighting with great gallantry. Towards the close of 1893 Colonel (now Sir Henry) Colvile arrived in Uganda, and (the Government having decided to retain the country) took over the administration, and the command of the forces, whom, with the assistance of English officers speaking Arabic and acquainted with the ways of the Soudanese soldier, he soon brought into an excellent state of discipline. The accounts in the Blue Books of the various campaigns in which the troops took part during the next three years are proof enough of their qualities as fighting men. They bore hardships and privations at all times cheerfully and without a murmur, and to these men and their British officers our present position in Uganda is alone due.

Let me pause here to say something

of the characteristics of these Soudanese soldiers, the Uganda Riflemen. Emin's opinion of them (and no man could know them better) has been already given; Major Casati, Emin's lieutenant, describes them as possessed of great personal valour and "the noblest virtues that can distinguish a soldier,—obedience, endurance, and self-sacrifice"; while Romolo Gessi, a man who led expeditions without number in which none but Soudanese were employed, says of the black soldier: "He is an excellent one, if well led. Strong, patient, and courageous, one may do wonders with him; but if left to himself, he is careless or worse, and if ill-treated, he may become a dangerous element in the army." This is the general opinion of all who have fought side by side with the Nubian, or who have studied him. He must, however, be dominated by an iron will; kindness he considers weakness; he will follow anywhere an officer in whom he has confidence, who has treated him justly, even though harshly; doglike he will turn to lick the hand that has beaten him; but at the same time there probably exists no human being to whom anything approaching vacillation or injustice is more repugnant. To attempt to treat such men as ordinary British soldiers is to court complete failure, and to command a force of Soudanese successfully requires special qualities in the officer. He must be a man with immense strength of will, with a keen sense of justice, with a knowledge of their language, manners, and customs; and furthermore he must have proved himself their superior in every way. There is another peculiarity which it is of particular importance to note; although essentially a fighting man, valuing his arms above all things and considering war as pure sport, he is a thoroughly domesticated individual and dislikes to leave his wives and family for any long period of time.

To return to the sequence of events: Colonel Colvile remained in Uganda until the spring of 1895, when, owing to ill-health, he was relieved by Mr. Jackson. The Uganda Rifles had by this time been raised to a strength of twelve hundred men, and under Major Owen and Captain Thruston had shown themselves to be a well-trained and well-disciplined force. Both these officers had, however, been forced to leave the country, the one before and the other immediately after the departure of Colonel Colvile, and the command of the troops devolved on Major Cunningham, who continued to carry on the work of his predecessors and conducted several successful expeditions against refractory chiefs. There was no sign of disaffection; the troops worked willingly and fought bravely, though often hungry, and their scanty pay six months in arrear.

In 1896 the state of affairs in Uganda began to look threatening, the different religious parties endeavouring to stir up the natives of the Protectorate to revolt against British rule; and in the following year matters came to a crisis. King Mwanga had left his capital to head an insurrection in Buddu, and the natives were ripe for rebellion. The Uganda Rifles, now commanded by Major Ternan and still loyal, were marched in all directions, covering a distance of upwards of a thousand miles within a few months, and frequently engaged in severe fighting. By the end of August the revolt was temporarily suppressed, but the situation in the Protectorate was anything but satisfactory, and the presence of the troops alone prevented a general rising. Of the dangerous and discontented attitude of the native population the Foreign Office was apparently unaware; otherwise it is improbable that orders would

have been sent to Uganda to despatch three hundred soldiers to accompany Major Macdonald on an expedition which he had been instructed to conduct to the extreme north of the Protectorate. On August 25th, Major Ternan gained a decisive victory over the rebels in Buddu, and then, being due to hand over three hundred men to Major Macdonald on September 10th at Mau, proceeded by forced marches to carry out his instructions. He brought his troops down as far as Nandi; and thence, having been invalided home, he left for the coast. About two hundred and twenty of the Soudanese reached the camp at Mau on September 20th, and were at once warned that the expedition would march on the following morning. From this moment commenced the disaffection which eventually culminated in open mutiny.

Major Macdonald's expedition was evidently an important one; the caravan was the largest that had ever left the coast, and though ostensibly it was merely to survey the upper reaches of the Juba River, it seems not improbable that its commander had other orders. Be that as it may, the Soudanese troops, after months of hard marching and fighting, were not prepared to be suddenly launched on an indefinite expedition into a part of the country of which they knew nothing and had heard the worst accounts. They had already been absent from their families for a longer period than usual, and they had not been informed what arrangements had been made for the care of their households during their absence. Then, they were handed over to strange officers who knew nothing about them and who could not speak their language. They considered that they had a grievance, and they requested to see the commander of the expedition; this Major Macdonald refused, though he permitted their native officer, Mabruk Effendi, to state the grievances of his men. The answer, as we now know, was not correctly carried by Mabruk, for the soldiers still insisted on a personal interview with their chief. This was at length granted, with the only result however that each company was given the order, *Right-turn, quick march*, without receiving any satisfaction.

The men, doubtless, brooded over their supposed grievances during the night, but no sign was given of their intentions, if indeed they had then formed any, and on the following morning, September 21st, the first column (accompanied by a detachment of Uganda Rifles) marched; on the 22nd the second column started, and on the 23rd the third column, each with an escort of the Rifles, and with the latter went the commander of the expedition. During the day's march one hundred and sixty-five of the Rifles deserted, straggling back in small parties to the Eldoma Ravine Station (about eight miles from Mau, the starting-point,) to lay their grievances before officers who knew them, notably Mr. Jackson, the Acting-Commissioner. Major Macdonald, seeing what was taking place, immediately despatched Captain Kirkpatrick to warn the Station, commanded by Lieutenant Feilding, who on the arrival of the first batch of deserters (thirty-five in number) endeavoured to persuade them to lay down their arms. In this he was unsuccessful, the men refusing to do anything until the remainder of their comrades arrived, and Captain Kirkpatrick then ordered Mr. Feilding to disarm them in front of the Maxim; but the gun jammed, and the garrison, consisting of twenty-five of the Rifles, was called upon to fire on the men of their own regiment. Three volleys were fired and

replied to, though it was evident, from the fact that there were no casualties, that the men had no intention of harming each other. Mr. Feilding then parleyed with the mutineers, all of whom had now come in, and persuaded them to camp for the night close by, and later in the evening Major Macdonald arrived, accompanied by Mr. Jackson, two hundred and fifty armed Swahilis and twenty Sikhs. During the next three days the Commandant and the Commissioner attempted to come to terms with the now openly defiant Soudanese; but nothing came of the negotiations, and, on September 26th, the mutineers, joined by fifteen of the Soudanese garrison of the Eldoma Ravine Station, commenced to march on Uganda.

From Eldoma Ravine to Nandi Stockade is a distance of about forty miles, and Mr. Jackson now sent a messenger to inform Captain Bagnall, the Civil Officer in charge of Nandi, of the approach of the mutineers. His garrison, consisting of Soudanese, had been augmented by fifty-five men who, on their way to join Major Macdonald's expedition at Mau, had heard of the mutiny of their comrades and had returned to Nandi. Captain Bagnall's force refused to act, and, on the arrival of the main body of mutineers, he himself was tied up and barely escaped being murdered; the fort was looted, and the whole of the Soudanese went on their way towards Uganda, ill-treating the natives of the country and pillaging far and wide. The next fort on the road is Mumia's, about sixty miles distant, and this, being garrisoned by Swahilis, the mutineers deemed it advisable to avoid, continuing their course to Lubwa's seventy-five miles beyond. Mr. Jackson, and Major Macdonald, with ten Europeans, three hundred and forty armed Swahilis, and twenty Sikhs, left Mumia's in pursuit on October 11th, hoping that Lubwa's garrison would remain loyal and that the mutinous Soudanese would be caught between two fires.

To go back a little. On Major Ternan's departure for England, the command of the Uganda Rifles was assumed by Major Thruston, who had recently returned to the country; an officer who had had vast experience of the Soudanese both in Egypt and in Uganda, who had commanded several of the earlier expeditions in the outlying provinces of the Protectorate, and whose courage, tact, and knowledge of their language and customs had made him, if not actually worshipped by his men, at any rate greatly respected and thoroughly popular. When the mutiny broke out, he was at the head-quarters of the Rifles at Entebbi, which lies on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza about sixty miles south-west of Lubwa's. On October 9th rumours of the mutiny reached Entebbi, and Thruston, though refusing to believe in the disloyalty of his troops, and perfectly confident in his influence over the Soudanese, at once started for Lubwa's, in order, should there be any truth in the rumours, to prevent the garrison from joining the mutineers. He reached Lubwa's on October 11th, and found everything quiet. The garrison fell at his feet and swore loyalty to him, but he received sufficient unofficial information confirming the reports of the mutiny to cause him to take every precaution to check its spread. A message was sent to Major Macdonald asking him to come on to Lubwa's with all speed, while Lieutenant Maloney (the Adjutant of the Rifles) was despatched, with fifty Soudanese and two hundred Waganda allies, to protect the Nile crossing at Jinga.

Before dawn of October 17th, the mutineers reached Lubwa's, and were

admitted by the garrison, whose loyalty wavered when they learned that some of their women had been captured on the road. Thruston and Wilson (who had been in charge of the Station) were immediately made prisoners and placed in chains; while, on the following day, Scott, an engineer, who had been sent from Entebbi with a launch carrying reinforcements (thirty Soudanese and a Maxim), imagining that Major Macdonald had reached Lubwa's, steered straight up to the fort. He was at once taken prisoner, and the launch destroyed. The situation therefore on October 18th was as follows: Fort Lubwa's was in the possession of about four hundred and fifty mutineers, the three Englishmen were in chains, Malony's party at Jinga, having shown signs of disaffection, had been marched back to Kampala and disarmed, and the pursuing force had arrived on a hill in front of Lubwa's. The mutineers appear now to have repented somewhat of what they had done, and endeavoured to come to terms with Major Macdonald, imagining, doubtless, that the possession of the Englishmen would strengthen their hand. The reply they received was that the terms remained the same as offered at Eldoma Ravine, namely, pardon to privates only. That afternoon Thruston sent to the Commissioner a letter (the contents of which stamp the character of the man) telling him not to fight unless the mutineers attacked his camp, but that in any case no consideration for his own personal safety should be allowed to interfere with the plans for the suppression of the mutiny.

On the following morning, October 19th, some three hundred of the mutinous garrison left the fort to confer with Major Macdonald, and, shouting out that they did not wish to fight, ascended the hill on which the camp stood. In spite of being ordered to halt, they advanced to within fifty yards, when, without further warning, they opened fire on the camp. This treachery resulted in a severe engagement, in which the mutineers were defeated and driven back into the fort with the loss of their two principal native officers, Mabruk and Suliman, and about one hundred men. In the afternoon, a deputation of two came to sue for peace, but were sent back with the answer that, until the Englishmen were given up, no terms could be discussed. The rage of the garrison at their defeat and failure to obtain their own terms knew no bounds, and they at once determined to vent their wrath on their three English prisoners, who were forthwith brought from their hut amidst the howls and jeers of the frenzied Soudanese. The story is related by eye-witnesses who have since surrendered. Belal Effendi (the native officer) then told Thruston that he was to be shot, and gave orders to carry out the execution. There was a momentary hesitation; possibly the men were unwilling to take part in the murder of a man to whom for years they had been loyal, who had shared with them the hardships of many campaigns, and whom they had always regarded as their friend. At any rate, Thruston was given the opportunity to speak. The scene must have been an impressive one, even to the savage mutineers who witnessed it, and there can be little doubt that what took place will be handed down from generation to generation of the Soudanese as an instance of the bravery of Englishmen. The three prisoners and their guard stood facing the group of native officers; around them was a mob of armed soldiers. There was no sign of fear, no thought of begging for mercy, no question of temporising. Thruston, speaking so that all could

hear, told Belal that since he, an officer, had been condemned to death, Belal, as an officer, and none other, should do the foul deed. He had spoken as he had been accustomed to speak to his troops on parade; it was no request, but an order of the commandant, and Belal, accepting it as such, raised his rifle to his shoulder. With both hands Thruston seized the muzzle and pressed it against the centre of his forehead, and a moment later his skull was pierced by the bullet. The sight of this tragic event appears to have sobered the native officers, for Wilson and Scott were ordered away, and their guards were in the act of removing them to their hut, when the soldiers, now no longer hesitating, suddenly opened fire on them and shot them in the back.

Why Thruston, knowing that nothing but his death would satisfy the mutineers, should have troubled himself as to the manner of it will seem strange to any unacquainted with his nature. His sense of justice was, however, only equalled by his fearlessness, and though it is impossible to say what passed through his mind in those last moments, it is more than probable that he was unwilling that his murder should be laid to the door of the private soldiers, who, he knew, were mere children in the hands of the native officers. The native officers had condemned him; let the chief of them be alone responsible. Such is the opinion of all who knew Arthur Blyford Thruston, the murdered commandant of the Uganda Rifles, who though only in his thirty-third year, had fought and bled for his country both in Egypt and Uganda, and had nobly risked and lost his life in the endeavour to avert a national disaster.

The news of these murders was received with horror throughout the country, even by the still loyal Soudanese garrisons of the outlying stations, and attempts on the part of the mutineers to persuade their comrades and the Mahommedans of Uganda to join them were unsuccessful. The loyalty of the garrisons could not however be depended upon, and the precaution was taken to disarm them where possible, or to remove them to stations within the neighbouring (East African) Protectorate, their place being taken by Swahilis, and later on by native troops from India.

While these things were going on in other parts of the country, Lubwa's was being blockaded, but the force was insufficient and the supply of ammunition inadequate to attempt to storm the fort. A supreme effort to take the place was made by the Waganda allies on October 28th; but the mutineers, making use of the Maxim captured from Scott's launch, proved themselves too strong, and the Waganda were repulsed with considerable loss. This somewhat damped the ardour of the native allies, who, though numerous, were short of ammunition, and the mutineers held the fort against Major Macdonald's force during November and December, skirmishes taking place almost daily. On January 9th, 1898, the mutineers successfully withdrew from Lubwa's in a large *dhow* across a bay of the lake, all efforts to prevent their escape being frustrated by the refusal of the blockading canoemen to approach the *dhow*. A force under Captain Harrison was immediately despatched to endeavour to intercept them at the Nile crossings, but was evaded by the Soudanese, who effected their escape northwards towards Unyoro. They were overtaken, however, at Lake Kioga on February 24th, engaged, and dispersed in all directions, the majority of the

survivors, now without ammunition, betaking themselves to their original homes in the neighbourhood of the Albert Nyanza.

By studying the causes and effects of this mutiny many valuable lessons are to be learned, for with the Indian mutiny still fresh in our memories we are able to form some interesting comparisons and deductions. To contrast the mutiny of the Uganda Rifles with the Sepoy revolt may seem at first sight almost absurd, yet there are many little points in the two outbreaks which the reader will be able to compare for himself; and, considering that a large force of Soudanese is being employed at the present time in the advance on Khartoum, the causes of disaffection which eventually led to the Uganda mutiny are particularly interesting. These causes have already been briefly mentioned, but they shall be restated in full. The origin of the mutineers will be remembered; they formed part of a body of men who were strangers in a strange land, who, but for their being of the same religion as a small section of the natives of the country, had nothing in common with the bulk of the population of the Uganda Protectorate, a fact which strengthens the belief that an actual defiance of British authority was never in the first place intended. There was no general hatred of the white men; the Soudanese were fully aware that they had thrown in their lot with the British Government of their own free will, that they had been treated well, that, although their pay was small, all their wants were supplied, that they were fed, housed, and clothed, and that their native manners and customs were respected. Why, then, did they revolt? The answer is not difficult to find; on joining Major Macdonald's expedition they suddenly developed grievances, real or imaginary, the principal of which was that they had been campaigning for several months without a rest. There seems little doubt that the three native officers Mabruk, Belal, and Suliman had made up their minds that they would not accompany the expedition, as the country it was to visit was reported to be an uninhabited desert. With the influence which the native officer possesses over his men, it was an easy matter to persuade them that they were being ill-treated, and by the time the Soudanese reached Major Macdonald's camp at Mau they fully believed themselves to be very hardly used.

Possibly, had their grievances been fully inquired into at this time, some arrangements might have been made and the men reassured; but unfortunately the men themselves were not allowed an opportunity of stating their case, except through their senior native officer, Mabruk Effendi, who, as it proved afterwards, was the original cause of all the uneasiness. Mabruk, therefore, although he received information from Major Macdonald which put an end to most of the men's grievances, concealed everything from them, and in fact represented matters in an altogether false light. They were nettled at not being allowed a hearing, and before the first column of the expedition started they made a final effort to speak to the commander, but without avail. Had any of the European officers been able to speak the language of their men, matters might have been represented to the commander and the grievances redressed; with Mabruk as intermediary, the case was hopeless. Then came the desertions and events already narrated, and since the desertions commenced with Mabruk and the men of his company, there is proof enough that Mabruk was the ringleader. It is evident also, from what occurred on

the return of the deserters towards the Ravine, that even then there was no bitterness felt towards their European officers and no thought of having recourse to force; for Captain Kirkpatrick, when riding in to warn Mr. Feilding, overtook and was allowed to pass through the body of deserters, who told him that they were merely going back to have an interview with Mr. Jackson, as they could not get one with Major Macdonald.

The grievances which the Soudanese imagined themselves to be suffering were stated to Mr. Jackson on September 24th to be as follows:—

1. That they were tired of being constantly marched about, while other companies remained comfortably in stations.
2. That they were not allowed to take their women with them.
3. That they were going to a foodless and waterless country, where they would all die.
4. That they were underpaid and insufficiently fed.
5. That young and inexperienced officers were sent out to command them, who did not know their language, and would not listen to their complaints.
6. That it was through them that we were masters of the country, and yet they were treated like donkeys.
7. That they had been fired upon when they had only returned to lay their grievances before me (Jackson); and finally they threatened to go over to the Germans, or build a fort of their own and raid the surrounding country.

Let us dispose of each of these grievances separately. For the first there is certainly something to be said; the particular companies told off for Major Macdonald's expedition (Nos. 4, 7, and 9) had been marching continuously for several months, while other companies had been employed on garrison-duty. This, however, was merely a matter of detailing reliefs, these companies being next for duty at the Ravine and neighbouring stations, and being sent with Major Macdonald's expedition because they happened to be the nearest garrisons to the starting-point, according to the usual custom. The second grievance requires a little explanation, since the fact of women accompanying a force in the field is to the European mind extraordinary. Yet the Nubian soldier is followed wherever he goes not only by his wives, but also by his children, his slaves and household, the march of a detachment resembling that of the Israelites in the wilderness. With this knowledge we can understand the feelings of the men when informed that their followers were to be restricted to one woman apiece. It was usual for the men to take their families with them, to cook their food and carry their baggage, and also because it was not considered safe to leave them behind, the natives of the country being likely to raid and enslave them in their absence. Now, owing to the nature of the expedition, it was not deemed advisable to march with this mass of non-combatants, and accordingly elaborate arrangements had been made for feeding and taking care of the women and families in the absence of the troops. This had been carefully thought out, and instructions on the subject had been telegraphed by Lord Salisbury to Uganda some months previously. Of these arrangements, as well as of the fact that the men would be provided with a certain number of donkeys to carry their baggage, Mabruk Effendi was informed when he laid the men's grievances before Major Macdonald, but, probably to serve his own purpose, he said nothing about them, and the men remained in ignorance of any provision having been made for their families, or for lessening the labours of the march. The grievance as to being underpaid and badly fed was perhaps partly valid: the food was as good as could be provided, and a special issue

of free rations was (quite contrary to all precedent) to be made to the women who accompanied the expedition; but the men's pay, although they had hitherto been perfectly contented with it, was certainly small. They received the old Egyptian rate of four rupees a month, while similar troops in the East African Protectorate, some of whom formed part of the expeditionary force, were receiving twenty-six rupees. The fifth grievance (relating to officers ignorant of their language) requires little comment. Doubtless the best officers available were provided, but unfortunately there is a limit to the number of British officers who are acquainted with Arabic. The third and sixth grievances are mere expressions of insubordination, which, from a military point, do not bear on the case; while the seventh and last did not exist until the actual mutiny had taken place, and furthermore contained an insubordinate threat. So much for the men's grievances, which might, as I have suggested, all have been made to vanish by a short explanation, had such been vouchsafed on September 20th or 21st. On the other hand, it is impossible to regard soldiers who, when called on to take part in an expedition, suddenly question the arrangements of their superiors, as in any way possessed of the first attribute of a soldier, —obedience.

Once having committed themselves by returning the fire of the Ravine garrison, they had, as they knew well, become mutineers; and though Mr. Jackson had promised, even after this, that the rank and file should be pardoned if they returned to duty, this condition implied that they must take part in the hated expedition, and the native officers would undoubtedly be punished for aiding and abetting the mutiny. Mabruk, who was with the mutineers, was well aware that for him at any rate there could be no pardon; he was, therefore, a desperate man, and was easily able to carry the soldiers with him. What plans he had formed on leaving the Ravine on September 26th is not known, though apparently he hoped to win over all the Soudanese garrisons, to throw in his lot with the Mahommedan party in Uganda and the neighbourhood, and to raise the country against British rule.

To any unacquainted with the country and the people, it must seem a matter of wonder that the progress of the mutiny did not receive some kind of check almost immediately. The mutineers, when in camp at the Ravine, numbered only one hundred and sixty-five men, while Major Macdonald and Mr. Jackson had a force of two hundred and fifty armed Swahilis and twenty Sikhs within shot; moreover the Maxim was probably available had strong measures been decided on. Yet for three days, except by futile negotiations, no attempt was made to block their way to Uganda and the other garrisons. What reasons can be given for this inaction? To have attacked the mutineers in their Ravine camp was considered too hazardous, for although Major Macdonald's force outnumbered them, the Swahilis were not trained soldiers, being in fact little better than an armed rabble; and even had they ventured an engagement with the Soudanese and been successful, the latter would have merely retired the quicker on Uganda. Negotiations having unfortunately failed, and the mutineers having, on September 26th, marched towards Nandi, matters became serious, and now steps were taken to warn the European officers commanding garrisons. It was late in the day, but the hope had been entertained that the mutineers would have given in at the Ravine. The

next point to discuss is the apparent delay in pursuing the mutineers from Mumia's to Lubwa's, for as with Gordon in Khartoum so it was with Thruston in Lubwa's; a few hours in each case meant life or death. Thirty-six hours before the pursuing force reached the hill in front of Lubwa's, the garrison was loyal and Thruston and his companions were free men. Within those thirty-six hours we know what took place. Now, the distance between the two forts is, roughly speaking, seventy-five miles, and has been covered before now in less than four days; yet on this occasion eight days were taken. The question arises,—was there any reason for this delay? The answer is that the country was almost impassable on account of the rain, the rivers and streams were flooded, and, as an instance of the difficulties of the march, it is mentioned that the force took eight hours to cross one river, while the density of the bush necessitated constant precautions against attack from ambuscades.

Coming now to the actual events at Lubwa's, we are confronted by a problem, the solution of which would prove a difficulty to the most skilled and experienced general. The three white men were prisoners in the fort held by the enemy; to attack the fort would mean certain death to the prisoners, and nothing but diplomacy, therefore, could effect their release. Every effort was made on both sides to come to terms without fighting; but the terms offered to the mutineers were no better than had been already offered to them at the Ravine Station, which were then refused, and which naturally, now that their strength had considerably increased, they were not likely to accept. It is a question whether some ransom might not have been offered for the prisoners, or whether, in order to save the lives of the three Englishmen, pardon might not have been held out to the native officers; but to have thus condoned the whole mutiny would, of course, have been most prejudicial to British prestige. Into all these matters the Government has promised a full inquiry, and until the result is made known, it would be unfair to assume that every possible effort was not made by the responsible officials to prevent the murder of their fellow-countrymen.

The cause of the mutiny has been fully entered into; it remains to discuss the effects, for from all misfortunes of this kind some ultimate benefit usually arises. From the Uganda mutiny we have learned that to attempt to hold this vast Protectorate with a handful of half-disciplined Soudanese is impracticable, and that, if the peace of the country is to be maintained, it is necessary to have a permanent garrison of trustworthy troops. When the outbreak occurred a native regiment was immediately despatched from India to the assistance of the Protectorate, half a regiment following later; and it seems probable that one Indian regiment at least will in future be kept in the country. This arrangement, with the maintenance of a mixed force of Soudanese (recruited direct from Egypt) and Swahilis, though costly, should be of the greatest advantage to Uganda; for there is little doubt that the hitherto disturbed state of the Protectorate has arisen from an inability to cope with simultaneous outbreaks of the native population in such an extensive tract of country.

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